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PATRICIAN & PARVENU;

OR,

"CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED."

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*To J. P. Cochrane Esq
from his friend*

PATRICIAN & PARVENU;

John Poole

OR,

"CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED."

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JOHN POOLE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY,"

"SIMPSON AND CO.," "TURNING THE TABLES," ETC.

FIRST PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

ON SATURDAY, MARCH 21ST, 1835.

LONDON:

**JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.**

1835.

[PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.]

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Windell fund

Savill, Printer, (*late Harjette and Savill*),
107, St. Martin's Lane.

TO

FRANCIS MILLS, Esq.

MY DEAR MILLS,

If the dedication of this my Play to you afford you any gratification, then be thankful that you are not Prime Minister: for, most assuredly, had Fate or Fortune invested you with the dangerous honours of that proud station, with its mighty power and its envied patronage, your name had not occupied its present exalted place. Admire the nicety with which the hood-winked lady has adjusted the balance, and be content with your lot !

But, seriously : the opportunities of this nature which have occurred to me, I have invariably adopted as records of private friendship ; and am both happier and prouder at being allowed to inscribe on my page the name of a FRIEND than any name or any title, how dignified soever,

which might suggest a suspicion of an interested motive. Not so with your's. From you I have nothing to gain. What, indeed, I might have been desirous of obtaining from you — that which is most valued by those who are best acquainted with you—your friendship, — I am happy in believing I possess already. Confide, then, in the disinterestedness of *one* dedication, and accept this of “PATRICIAN AND PARVENU ” from,

My dear Mills,

Your sincere Friend,

JOHN POOLE.

London,
31st March, 1835.

P R E F A C E.

I SHOULD have abstained altogether from the formality of a preface but that I feel myself called upon to acknowledge the kind reception which the public press, with scarcely an exception worth notice, has given to an *attempt* to amuse an audience, and to fix its attention throughout the greater portion of an evening, unassisted by music, or scenery, or show. My own notion of the rank which the comedy of "PATRICIAN AND PARVENU" ought to take, I have, with unfeigned sincerity, declared in the Occasional Address which precedes it : it will be seen, therefore, that I do not claim for it a very exalted one. If, however, some of the leading critics of the day have been pleased to place it upon a pedestal somewhat loftier than the one I expected it would occupy, surely it is not for me to complain. But this cour-

tesy I attribute, not to my own deserts, but to their good-nature ; and I heartily thank them for it. They have behaved handsomely towards me, and nobly for the cause of the Drama : they have proved their eagerness to encourage any attempt—humble even as the present—to revive the public taste for entertainment offering no other claims to attention than plot, character, and dialogue. Would that in this instance they were worthier ! but, thus encouraged, I do not despair of one day doing better myself, or—which is still more likely to occur—of seeing something much better accomplished by others.

I thank them, too, for the *manner* of their censure of some of the many faults of my work. It has evidently been their wish to cure—not to kill : like skilful operators, therefore, they have applied the lancet, not the tomahawk.

But a sensitive author will wince even at the gentlest titillations inflicted by the more delicate of those instruments ; and I hope I shall be pardoned if I complain that (as *I* conceive) in one instance it has been applied to a wrong part.

The *vulgarity* of Sir Timothy has been objected to.

The late Mr. Whitbread was one day thus accosted by an old friend of his : “ My dear Whit-

bread, I have a complaint to make against one of your draymen. Yesterday, the fellow ran against me in a very rude way, and when I remonstrated with him on his misconduct, he replied to me in language which was any thing but genteel. Can't you do something to prevent such behaviour?"—"My dear friend," replied Mr. Whitbread, "I have done all I can—I have used my utmost endeavours to make gentlemen of my draymen, but, somehow or other, I have never been able to succeed."

Thus, I endeavoured all I could to make Sir Timothy a gentleman, but in vain. I wish it to be observed, that he has passed from the shop to the drawing-room, not by the slow process of well-directed industry, (which would have allowed him opportunities for improvement,) but at a bound. He is particularly described as one, who, "on the desperate wings of *speculation*, has *suddenly* risen to affluence, *with all his native vulgarity full and fresh upon him.*" Besides, it was my object to produce a strong contrast between him and Sir Osbaldiston; and this I could not have accomplished by other means. For his language, I have "culled the flowers of speech" extant amongst upstarts of about his own standing; for his vulgarity of mind

I have selected my models from amongst Parvenus of somewhat higher pretensions.

In the getting up of this play, I asked not for the aid either of new scenery, or of expensive dresses : I required nothing more than that the several parts should be efficiently acted, nor could I reasonably be satisfied with less ; and I have to thank MR. BUNN for the resolute manner in which he assisted me in this important respect.

That I may not appear to be deficient in courtesy towards the ladies and gentlemen whose names are annexed to the *Dramatis Personæ*, I beg leave to state, that to those who have favoured me with their kind and cordial co-operation, I have personally acknowledged my obligations.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BY

MR. COOPER.

THE times are past—alas! those good old times!—
When plays were heralded by good old rhymes,
By one in sable suit, with face of woe,
Doled forth in melancholy cadence slow;
Imploring, praying, supplicating, sighing,
Each form and phrase of deprecation trying
To do—(most hopeless task beneath the sun!)
What mortal prologue never yet has done:
Censure avert, anticipate applause,
And win your verdict ere you've tried the cause.
No! never yet did whining prologue sway
One single judgment on one single play.

Why, then, revive the antiquated strain?—
Our author ——— “rises—merely—to explain.”

A Comedy!—That awful word may raise
Remembrance of the Drama's brightest days;
To memory bring (to his defeat and shame)
Congreve's, gay Farquhar's, sparkling Brinsley's name.
This then he asks—lest surely ye condemn—
Pray think as little as you can of them.
For oh! the contrast! broadly mark'd by you,
As that, to-night, he offers to your view,—
They the Patricians, he the Parvenu.
Laughter his aim, he warns you he has woo'd
The gay Thalia in her merriest mood;
Rejects her sterner attributes to raise
A laugh.—Then laugh: he asks no other praise.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Osbaldiston de Mowbray, <i>Bart.</i>	MR. WARDE.
Percy de Mowbray (<i>his Son</i>)	MR. COOPER.
Frank Neville	MR. VINING.
Sir Timothy Stilton, <i>Knight.</i>	MR. W. FARREN.
Dick Moonshine, <i>alias</i> Captain the Hon. } Augustus <i>Fitz-moonshine</i>	} MR. HARLEY.
Ruby (<i>an obsequious Inn-keeper</i>)	
Bob Dashalong	MR. WEBSTER.
Builder	MR. F. COOKE.
Bookseller	MR. YARNOLD.
Decorative Painter	MR. HOWELL.
Forrester (<i>Valet to Sir Osbaldiston</i>)	MR. HONNER.
Thomas } John } (<i>Servants to Sir Timothy</i>)	{ MR. FENTON. MR. HATTON.
Ellen Rivers	MISS LEE.
Mary Stilton	MISS TAYLOR.
Miss Sally Sanders	MRS. GLOVER.

*The Scene lies at a Village distant from London : partly at
Sir Timothy's ; partly at Ruby's.*

PATRICIAN & PARVENU;

OR,

"CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED."

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A room at an inn.

PERCY DE MOWBRAY *is discovered at a table writing ;*
RUBY *standing near him.*

PER. Are you sure, Ruby, that the coach has not passed through the village yet?

RUBY. Certain, sir; it always stops here, sir. But may I make free to inquire, sir, why you don't drop your letters into the Post-office, as other gentlemen do, sir, instead of giving them privately to Bob Dashalong, the spruce Oxford coachman, sir?

PER. By all means; you are perfectly at liberty to inquire.

RUBY. Well, sir?

PER. But pray, Ruby, may I make free to refuse you the information?

RUBY. By all means, sir; you are perfectly at liberty to refuse it, sir. (*A coach-horn is heard.*)

PER. Ha! there it is; send Dashalong to me.

RUBY. Yes, sir.—A very strange gentleman that; he pays me well, but I can't make out anything about him or his correspondents.
(*Exit RUBY.*)

PER. (*Directing his letter.*) "To Sir Osbaldiston de Mowbray, Baronet, M.P., Grosvenor Square, London."—So ;—while my father supposes me to be visiting some old college friends at Oxford, here am I, Percy de Mowbray, the only son of one of the oldest, the richest, and the proudest baronets in the empire, at fifty miles distance from the place, and in the humble character of tutor in the family of—pha!—a retired cheesemonger! But my lovely Ellen! is she accountable for the circumstances which have placed her under the care of such a—such a—in a word, *such* a cheesemonger?

Enter BOB DASHALONG.

BOB. Now, Mr. De Mowbray, is your letter ready? My tits are as impatient of delay as four Pegasuses.

PER. Here it is, Bob; you understand?

BOB. All right, sir. I drop this, as usual, into the letter-box, it gets to town with the Oxford post-mark, and the governor is kept in the dark as to the real *statu quo*, as we say at the university.

PER. Be discreet, Bob; not a word here who I am. Don't betray me.

BOB. Betray you, sir! *Homo sum*—which means that I am a devilish good fellow, and an Oxonian to boot; and when did one Oxonian ever betray another?

PER. Ha, ha, ha! You an Oxonian!

BOB. Aye, to be sure, sir; we are both of the same university, though not exactly of the same college; you are a Christ-church man, and I—I'm a *coach*-man—ha, ha, ha! That's what I call wit. Shew me a Cambridge dragsman who could throw off as good a thing.

PER. Well, away with you, Bob; drive like Phaeton, and make up for lost time.

BOB. A pretty classic you must be to compare me to

such a bungler as Pheäton ! Didn't he get on the wrong side of the road and upset his father's drag ? If Master Phœbus had trusted Bob Dashalong with the ribbons, he'd have left the moon and stars behind him in fine style, and brought the team home again without so much as brushing the tail of a comet by the way.

(*Exit DASHALONG.*)

PER. But who have we here ? Why surely it is my old friend, Frank Neville.

Enter RUBY, with a small portmanteau and a hat-box, bowing in NEVILLE, who has a letter-case in his hand.

RUBY. This way, sir, if you please.

PER. What, Frank !

FRANK. Is it possible ? And do I meet——

PER. Mum ! don't name me. (*Making a sign towards RUBY.*) Ruby, you may leave us.

RUBY. (*Aside.*) That's very provoking ; at the very point of discovering who he is !

FRANK. Landlord, I shall require an apartment here.

RUBY. Shall I order in your luggage, sir ?

FRANK. That is all I have.

(*Walks up the stage with PERCY.*)

RUBY. (*Looks contemptuously at the portmanteau.*) All ! I shall look well after this customer. I have had Captain the Honourable Augustus Fitzmoonshine in my house these five weeks, and haven't yet seen the colour of his money. (*Calls as he goes off.*) Here, boots, ostler, chambermaid, come and help me to carry the gentleman's luggage up to No. 9.

(*Exit RUBY.*)

PER. Yet, why need I ask how fortune has dealt with you ? The only son and sole inheritor of the vast property of a prosperous merchant——

FRANK. On summing up the account of my earthly

possessions, I find it standing thus :— In lands and houses I possess—nothing ; in bills, bonds, and mortgages—nothing ; in ready cash—ditto : making a grand total, errors excepted, of—nothing ! There is a piece of arithmetic worthy of Cocker ; not an item omitted, nor a figure wrong cast.

PER. Have you squandered all ?

FRANK. No, no, Percy ; I have been no spendthrift. But listen to me. The only son of an eminent merchant, I received a liberal education, but, unhappily, was instructed in no profession. My father, indeed, considering me as the sole inheritor of his immense wealth, deemed it needless even to initiate me into the mysteries of his own occupations, or to impose on me the anxieties of commerce. I was yet young, when I fell in love with a very pretty girl—the daughter of a low, vulgar tradesman—don't laugh at me—a cheesemonger.

PER. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Why, Frank, and are you, too, in the Cheshire and Gloucester interest ? But finish your own story, and you shall then have mine.

FRANK. This, I admit, would not have been a very suitable alliance for me ; so, in the hope of weaning me from my pretty Mary, I was sent to travel.

PER. (*Aside.*) Mary ! it must be the same.

FRANK. During my absence, my poor father was, by a sudden turn of fortune, ruined !—and now, Percy, you behold his son, possessing the education, the habits, and the feelings of a gentleman, without fortune, nay, without a profession whereby to support his pretensions to the character.

PER. All may yet be well, Frank. But tell me, who is *your* cheesemonger ? for you must know, that I also—

FRANK. 'Tis old Tim Stilton—now Sir Timothy. I learn that he has suddenly acquired a vast fortune by des-

perate speculations, has contrived to get himself knighted, purchased a place in this neighbourhood, and now sets up for a gentleman.

PER. Gentleman!—the vulgarest cub!—Then, his insolence of wealth! his purse-proud arrogance! And for his language—ha! ha! ha! Since his elevation, one would think he had studied a dictionary expressly to pervert its uses.

FRANK. But how is it you are so well acquainted with him?

PER. I have the honour to be tutor in his family.

FRANK. How!

PER. Love is the cause of the transformation. I am known in Sir Timothy's family only as Mr. Percy, with no other dependance than the exercise of my talents in my assumed capacity. With this poor recommendation, I have won the affections of the lovely Ellen Rivers.

FRANK. A relation of the worthy knight's?

PER. A relation, but very remotely connected. To Sir Timothy was entrusted the management of a small sum she inherited from her mother; besides, she is a school acquaintance of his daughter's.

FRANK. And the baronet, your father? surely he will never consent to such a match.

PER. His aristocratic blood, which he can trace back to the Conqueror with as much certainty as you'd follow the New River to its source, will curdle at the very idea of such a mixture; and how he will receive the intelligence ——!

FRANK. Pretty much as Sir Hugh Middleton would of the introduction of a gas-pipe into the New River head—it will poison the waters!

PER. One hope I have. Throughout his life, my father has felt the bitterness of disappointed love. He, also, in his youth, was enamoured of a young lady greatly his inferior

in station; their union, to his unceasing regret, *his* father prevented. Surely, therefore, when he finds his son—

FRANK. A frail dependance, Percy. The follies or the errors of *their* youthful days are generally those which our fathers are least willing to countenance in us their sons. Our restraints are their atonements.

PER. Well, I am in a difficult position, I own. Will you advise me?

FRANK. Will you follow my advice?

PER. Implicitly—with only one reservation. As I am resolved, at all hazards, to marry, you must not advise me against that. However, I will give my father fair play. Ellen is young, beautiful, and accomplished: Sir Osbaldiston shall see her; and, after that, should he refuse his consent, I shall be compelled to marry her without it, and he can blame no one for it but himself.

FRANK. Admirably argued! But come, let us on to Sir Timothy's; I am impatient to see my Mary.

PER. Well, let us begone; 'tis near my hour of attendance—Or, no,—on second thoughts, I'll go alone. Till we see what turn affairs may take, we had better not appear to be acquainted with each other.

FRANK. Be it so. I'll just refresh and follow you.

PER. You'll find the knight up to the ears in business. He is improving and embellishing his *Willow*, as he calls it, and the place is full of tradesmen from London. But follow me without delay, and may success attend us both.

(Exit PERCY.)

FRANK. I am certain my Mary still cherishes, as I do, the remembrance of a first love; and as I would willingly have married her when she was poor, and I had a fortune to bestow, so shall I hold it no dishonour to claim her now. (Calls.) Landlord!

Enter DICK MOONSHINE.

MOON. I'll take this opportunity to be off. (*Crosses cautiously.*)

Enter RUBY.

FRANK. Shew me to my room. (*Exit FRANK.*)

RUBY. This way, sir; I'll attend you. (*Sees MOONS.*) Ah, ha! Captain! (*Aside.*) The old mode of sneaking out the moment my back is turned! (*Calls after FITZ.*) Up one pair of stairs, sir; the first door to the right!

MOON. (*Aside.*) Hang it! I'm caught.

RUBY. Beg pardon, sir; I don't mean to be uncivil, sir; but it's time you and I came to a settlement, sir.

MOON. You choose your time very ill, Mr.—Landlord; just as a gentleman is going out. Give me your paltry bill—to-morrow—or next day.

RUBY, Paltry, sir! Captain the Honourable Augustus Fitzmoonshine debtor to William Ruby, thirty-two—ten—six! I call it a very long bill, sir.

MOON. I think so, too; but that's your fault: you can shorten it if you please.

RUBY. (*Aside.*) This grows suspicious!—You know, sir, 'tis the rule of my house, sir, to give gentlemen their bills regularly once a week, sir.

MOON. Zounds! and do I object to the rule of your house? don't I regularly take your bills once a week?

RUBY. Nonsense, sir; this is a serious account, and is not to be settled with a joke. You have been staying here at my house, the "White Raven," these four weeks, ordering about you like a Nabob, yet not a shilling of your money have I seen!

MOON. (*Aside.*) The truth must out, so there's nothing for it but a bold face!—Ruby, to be plain with you, the reason why, as yet, you have not seen a shilling of my money is—that I have not a shilling to shew you!

RUBY. Are you in earnest, captain?

MOON. (*Turning out an empty pocket.*) Upon the word of a gentleman.

RUBY. Yet living on the choicest of my larder and cellar!

MOON. That was for the good of the house; you'd have grumbled if I had not. (*Aside.*) There is no satisfying these fellows any way.

RUBY. This wont do, sir; here is your account, and you shall not quit this place till you have paid it.

MOON. Then you are a better fellow, Ruby, than I took you for: since in that case I must remain your guest a few weeks longer.

RUBY. Harkye, Captain—Fitzmoonshine! I begin to suspect you to be little better than an adventurer; so to gaol you go, a fitting cage for birds of your feather.

MOON. (*Aside.*) That must not be: birds with such long bills find it hard to get out again.—Now, my dear Ruby, be reasonable, and I'll pay you.

RUBY. Why, you confess you have no money!

MOON. No gold in my pockets, I grant you, but plenty of brass in my face—and I am now busily engaged in coining that.

RUBY. Is that all? Then I shall take the liberty to secure the master of the mint till he has struck off specie to the amount of thirty-two—ten—six.

MOON. And sink my vessel, when, after a stormy voyage, I have steered her to within sight of the land of Fortune! Would you ruin your own flesh and blood?

RUBY. What do you mean?

MOON. May I trust you?

RUBY. Considering that, at present, the trust is all on my side, I don't see what you have to risk by it.

MOON. Look well at me, Ruby—have you forgotten me?

—me!—(*Pulls off his false mustachios.*)—Dick! your own loving relation, little Dick Moonshine!

RUBY. Why—it is—that rascally little urchin, who was apprenticed to an undertaker, broke his indentures, ran away, and enlisted for a soldier.

MOON. True; I enlisted for a soldier, (*aside*) and then ran away.—Ah! Ruby, I dare say that in the time of our great battles, my friends never took up a newspaper without expecting to find a public account of my death.

RUBY. Certainly, Mr. Dick, we were tolerably prepared for a *public* account of your death—though it was not exactly in that department of news we were in the habit of looking for it. As to our relationship, a third cousin of mine, Jenny Moonshine, was your mother; but who, pray, was your father?

MOON. My father? Despising ancestral honours, I have never attempted to trace my pedigree so far back; but I have always had a notion, that should he ever turn up he'll prove to be some very great man.

RUBY. Parish beadle, at the least, I dare say. But what have you been doing these many years?

MOON. Numerous have been my employments. When I—quitted the army—I became a strolling actor, next quack doctor, Punch-and-Judy man, rope dancer, gentleman on the turf, marker at a billiard table, went abroad and served as a gentleman's gentleman, vulgarly called a lacquey; in short, finding all other trades fail, I am now trying what I can do by setting up as gentleman on my own account.

RUBY. (*Aside.*) A respectable relation I have here—vagabond; adventurer, and impostor, by his own shewing.—And how, pray, is your gentility to pay my bill? for pay it you shall or to prison you go.

MOON. (*Aside.*) I must confide all to him.—My good Ruby, do nothing to spoil a project I have conceived, and

not only will I speedily pay you, but I'll transform your paltry road-side inn into an hotel, my boy.

RUBY. By what magic, I should like to know?

MOON. Impudence! that magic which has metamorphosed Dick Moonshine into the Honourable Augustus *Fitz*-moonshine, and placed a devilish ugly woman, with a devilish pretty fortune, almost within my grasp. You know Sir Timothy Stilton, who has lately purchased the lodge up yonder?

RUBY. And is it his family you intend to honour by an alliance?

MOON. Exactly so: Miss Sally Sanders, a cousin of his. My first interview with her was at an assembly at Margate, which was attended by all the beauty and fashion east of Aldgate pump; and 'twas whilst whirling and twirling her in a waltz—no easy matter with a lady of her circumference—I won her gentle affections.

RUBY. And what says Sir Timothy to this?

MOON. He never saw me, and knows nothing of the matter. I discovered that Miss Sally—my Salopia, as I tenderly nick-name her—was coming to spend a few weeks with the knight, so I followed her, took up my abode with you, my worthy cousin, and have already enjoyed, in Sir Timothy's orchard, a dozen silent moonlight rambles with the object of my—pecuniary—adoration.

RUBY. Is she young and handsome?

MOON. *Tout au contraire.*

RUBY. I understand—she's fat, fair, and forty.

MOON. You don't understand;—she's fat, fussy, and fifty. But no matter, I'm above vulgar prejudices. For the last week, however, I have not seen her, and I am waiting for a favourable opportunity to introduce myself to Sir Tim, get a footing at the lodge, and carry on the war with more spirit. And now, Ruby, remember I have con-

fided in you. Do but keep my secret, and you shall be paid.

RUBY. (*Aside.*) 'Tis my only chance.—Harkye, Dick, I'm a respectable innkeeper ; I have no secrets of yours ; you have told me nothing—nothing will I know. You *are* the Honourable Captain Fitzmoonshine.—Do you but pay me like an honest man, and 'tis no affair of mine how you come by the means. (*Exit.*)

MOON. Honest Ruby ! But who comes here ? Surely I have seen that face before. I'll stand aside and observe.

Enter FRANK, having made some slight change in his dress.

FRANK. Now to proceed to Sir Timothy Stilton's.

MOON. (*Aside.*) Eh ! going to Sir Timothy's ! What an opportunity for an introduction !

FRANK. What shall be my course—stratagem ?—misrepresentation ? No, no ; I'll tell him the truth. He knows I love his daughter ; and, though *I* no longer have a fortune, he has one, so I'll trust to his generosity.

MOON. (*Aside.*) 'Tis my old master !—he'll remember me. I shall be exposed ; and my project, like a Mexican mining-scheme, blown into shivers.

FRANK. If honesty wont serve me, I disdain to succeed by other means.

(*As he is going, he is interrupted by MOONSHINE.*)

MOON. My case is desperate, so here goes.—Excuse me, sir, but there you are wrong.

FRANK. Sir !

MOON. Beg pardon, sir, but I've been listening to your soliloquy.

FRANK. Then, sir, you are an impertinent fellow.

MOON. Granted ; and, for that reason, you may find

me a very useful one. Don't you know me, sir? Moonshine, your old servant on the continent.

FRANK. Moonshine! why, rascal, how should I know you in such a disguise?

MOON. That's soon settled, sir. (*Pulls off his false mustachios.*) There! Now, sir, in consideration of old acquaintance, I've a favour to ask. Will you take me with you to the Lodge? We may serve each other.

FRANK. Serve each other, you saucy scoundrel!

MOON. You mistake me, sir. I mean I may serve you. Trust to Sir Timothy's generosity!—you might as well trust yourself to sea in a porridge-pot. Your only chance of success is in stratagem.

FRANK. I'm resolved to use no deception.

MOON. No more you need, sir; leave that to me. I'll deceive him, (*aside,*) and you, too, if necessary to my purpose. — You are in a difficult pass, and will stand in need of some clever fellow to help you through it. Take me once more into your service. We'll say nothing about wages; but, to use my old quack-doctor phrase, "No cure, no pay." (*Aside.*) Any thing to get myself out of this house, and into the other.

FRANK. Well!—but a servant in a dress like that!

MOON. That's awkward, to be sure. I have it! (*Throws off his upper coat, and discovers himself in a kind of jacket.*) And now, sir, by your leave. (*Takes the gold band from NEVILLE's travelling cap, and puts it round his own hat.*) There, sir, I flatter myself as dapper a valet as a gentleman need have.

FRANK. Come, then; take that portfolio, and follow me.

MOON. I remember it well. As usual, eh, sir? Bank-bills and letters of credit?

FRANK. Letters of credit! A few love sonnets and

billets-deux. Not a scrap else worth a groat. But 'tis long since you last served me; who'll give you a character?

MOON. That's not fair, sir. 'Tis just as long since you were my master, yet I don't ask for your's. However, sir, Ruby, the landlord, will give me a character. (*Aside.*) He has given me every thing I have wanted for the last five weeks. Here he is.

Enter RUBY.

RUBY. (*To MOONSHINE.*) Now, you rascal, I have been considering——

MOON. Hush! or you'll spoil all. I've done it: wheedled myself into his good graces. Rich as Croesus! (*Shewing the portfolio.*) Thousands!—millions!

RUBY. But ——

(*Pointing to the change in MOONSHINE's dress.*)

MOON. A frolic. (*To FRANK.*) Ruby can tell you I lived two years with Colonel Mac Slash—honest, industrious, and sober. (*To RUBY, who is about to speak.*) Thirty-two, ten, six.—Eighteen months with the Honourable Bob Bounce—honest, industrious, and sober. (*To RUBY.*) 'Tis your only chance.—Three years with Captain Crack—ditto, ditto, ditto. Ruby wouldn't deny it—for thirty-two, ten, six.

FRANK. Well, well, I suppose I must take you upon trust, so follow me. (*Exit FRANK.*)

MOON. Every thing in this house is taken in the same way. (*Going.*)

RUBY. But explain——

MOON. No time now; but my fortune is made.

RUBY. Well, Dick, I am trusting to your promise, so you are bound, in honour, to stick at nothing to get money for me.

MOON. Trust to my roguery, and don't betray me, and your money is as safe as if it were tinkling in your pocket.

(Exit MOONSHINE.)

RUBY. I'll keep an eye on you, you rogue, for all that.

(Exit RUBY, following MOONSHINE.)

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An Apartment at SIR TIMOTHY'S.

SIR TIMOTHY *discovered seated at a table, and looking at an architectural plan. Various tradesmen are with him.*

SIR T. I can't make head or tail of it, and that's the truth. (*To the BUILDER.*) Lookye, mister; the long and the short of it is this:—My willy—my willow I should say—is only two story high; now, instead of building another story a top of it, as I orders you, here you put it flat on the ground, cheek-by-jowl with the other.

BUILD. (*Aside.*) The blockhead!—This is a plan and section, Sir Timothy. Now just look at the elevation, and there you will perceive——

SIR T. Aye, aye, this is somewhat more like it, to be sure; then of what use was it to bother me with the other?

BUILD. (*Aside.*) Very little indeed!—Now, sir, respecting the stone pediment I proposed to you——

SIR T. A stone impediment! It is stuff and nonsense, as I told you before. I'm wanting to make my house more convenient, and I'll not allow no impediments about it.

BUILD. Well, sir, leave it to my discretion, and you shall have no reason to complain.

SIR T. Don't you be too sure of that. But I have other fish to fry, so get along about *your* business.

BUILD. The insolent upstart! (Exit BUILDER.)

SIR T. Now, mister—you, the bookseller; you are sure you have taken right measure of them shelves?

BOOK. (*Suppressing a laugh.*) I have, Sir Timothy; and the catalogue I have submitted to you will fill them tolerably well.

SIR T. 'Tis a mint of money to lay out for that 'ere sort of thing. Are you sure now, quite sure, that all people of quality reads books?

BOOK. A library is indispensable to a person of your rank, Sir Timothy.

SIR T. O, well—if so be——But, look'ee here: what do you mean by this list of *old* writers?

BOOK. A selection of the best old English authors, sir.

SIR T. I never could manage to read that plaguy old English; besides, I'm fitting up my house bran-new, so I'll have every thing of a-piece. Let them as can't afford better buy your old writers; (*jingles the money in his pocket.*) I'll have nothing but *new* writers in my library.

BOOK. Very well, Sir Timothy.

SIR T. And, d'ye hear? I don't like this pattern for the binding; I must have more gold outside.

BOOK. More! Really, sir, 'tis so richly gilt, that to add to it would be like putting butter to bacon.

SIR T. Butter and bacon, you varlet! That's my business—I mean that was—I don't mean any thing. But get out and do as I order you. (*Aside.*) If I thought he meant to twit me——!

BOOK. (*To the rest.*) The old cheesemonger forgets himself. (Exit.)

SIR T. O, you are the painter, an't you?

PAIN. Ornamental painter and decorator, Sir Timothy.

SIR T. Ah! fine names to coax the money out of my

pocket. Painter and glazier an't good enough, now-a-days. However, I agrees to your *estimum*, only let me have plenty of gilding for my money.

PAIN. You shall, sir ; so far as good taste will permit.

SIR T. There he is with his taste again ! I wonder what tasting has to do with it ? And remember what I told you about the ceiling of the breakfast-room : I want a *posse* of clouds, and the full moon and seven stars just in the middle.

PAIN. A full moon, sir ! why that ceiling is so low that a full moon in the centre would look like a Cheshire cheese.

SIR T. Cheese, again !—Hark ye, you, mister ; unless you paints what I orders, not a brass farden of my money shall you touch.

PAIN. Very well, sir ; if you desire it, I'll paint you every constellation in the heavens. *(Exit.)*

SIR T. *(To the others.)* Now get along all on you :—*(rises, with a ludicrous attempt at dignity)*—I sha'n't hold no more levee to-day. *(Exeunt the rest of the tradesmen.)* Impudent rascals ! It is a most remarkable thing, that although I myself do all I can to forget I was a cheese-monger, I can't make other people forget it. Then these fellows are always doubting my taste,—*my* taste ! I've bought many a ton of cheese on tasting a sample no bigger than—Lord ! if I was to give way to it, between one and another I should soon be persuaded out of my seven senses. One says, I wants an ear for music ; another, that I wants an eye for pictures ;—*(takes a pinch of snuff)*—they'll tell me next, I wants a nose for snuff !—Ha ! here comes Miss Sally Sanders ! To live to her time of life, and want to make a fool of herself after all ! But I've put an end to her billing and cooing, I warrant me.

Enter MISS SALLY SANDERS.

SAL. So, Sir Timothy, is it by your orders that the key of the orchard is refused me?

SIR T. Orders?—Special!

SAL. And why, Sir Timothy?

SIR T. Because I've found you out; and I won't allow no such doings on my premises. Who is the fellow that comes playing a fiddle and howling under your window o' nights?

SAL. Howling! Serenading.

SIR T. Catawauling! But they've fine names for every thing now-a-days. Who is the fellow, I say?

SAL. (*Aside.*) My Augustus to be called a fellow!—He's a perfect gentleman, and a man of quality and breeding.

SIR T. Then if he means you fairly, why doesn't he come and say, like a man of quality and breeding,—“I say, Sally, shall we make a match on it?”

SAL. It is enough that I know who he is; but I must not name him yet. Men of fashion have often very good reasons for travelling in cogs.

SIR T. I believe you; but honest men don't go about to people's houses in clogs, as you call it.

SAL. No matter; I have three hundred a-year of my own; I shall marry as I please; and when I'm the honourable Mrs. ——— Somebody——

SIR T. You the hon——Lord! the fool! How old are you?

SAL. Old!

SIR T. Aye, how old are you?

SAL. Not at all.

SIR T. Forty-nine, to my knowledge. But, once for all, I'll not allow of your moon-light walks in my orchard. You have had four or five *rendezvouses* with him already; and not only is it setting a bad example to my daughter,

and to Ellen Rivers, who is to marry the schoolmaster, but it will be a *scandalum magnum* for all the village.

SAL. But——

SIR T. Say no more. Only let me catch him there, and hang me if I don't have the man-traps—the *gentleman-traps* set for him.

Enter MARY.

MARY. O, Papa, I'm so delighted ! such an event ! Do but think who is arrived.

SIR T. I'm sure I can't guess. I don't expect nobody.

MARY. Frank Neville !

SIR T. Frank Neville ! The devil ! He must not come here ! He used to make love to you when he was rich ; but now——

MARY. (*Aside.*) O—Now just one word, papa. Have not you always found me a dutiful daughter ?

SIR T. Yes, my dear.

MARY. I have obeyed you in all things.

SIR T. Yes, my love.

MARY. Then you have no reason to doubt my obedience for the future ?

SIR T. None, my angel.

MARY. Well then, papa, I have such a desire to remain dutiful that you must never ask me to do any thing I don't like. Now, as I shall never like any body but Frank Neville, you mustn't——

SIR T. So, miss, this is what you call obedience !

MARY. There now, papa, you are flying out ; so I give you fair notice that, come what may of it, I'll never marry any body but Frank.

SAL. (*Aside.*) I like her spirit. Would the tyrant thwart the gentle affections of both of us !

SIR T. Remember, Miss Stilton, that this Neville is

nothing but the son of a broken merchant. You are the daughter of a knight-errant ; consider that, and respire as becomes you.

MARY. I do not forget that our fortunes have changed, but I remember that poor Neville's have changed also.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Mr. Francis Neville, Sir Timothy.

SIR T. (*Aside.*) I had best cut this matter short.—My compliments, and we don't want none of his company.

MARY. For Heaven's sake don't send so offensive a message.

SIR T. Why, civility don't cost nothing, to be sure ; so we may as well do the thing genteely. Tell him he may come in if he has a mind to it. (*Exit SER.*) Now, Miss Stilton, once more, remember we don't take things as we used to do. Consider the family honour, and receive him with proper indignity. Observe me—I'll look at him as if I had the eyes of an obelisk, and strike him all of a heap with my importance.

Enter FRANK, followed by MOONSHINE, who carries in his hand FRANK's letter-case.

FRANK. My old acquaintance !—my old friend Tim !—I'm heartily glad to see you.—Mary !—and Sally Sanders, too.

SIR T. Mighty proud of having the honour—of having the pleasure—ahem !

SAL. Can I believe my eyes ? My Augustus in a livery !

MOON. (*Aside.*) I forgot that. Now is the critical moment. (*To her.*) Mum ! Stratagem——disguise.

FRANK. (*To SIR T.*) And is it thus you receive an old friend ?

SIR T. *Tempus mutampus*, mister—as the motto on my carriage says ;—which means, Every dog has his day. I am lord of the ascension now.

FRANK. Truly Fortune has played a strange prank with both of us.

SIR T. (*Jingling the money in his pocket.*) People say I'm prodigious rich, don't they? Lord, not I. To be sure this willow is mine; and I've a town-house—in town; and I keeps a coach—I say I keeps a coach, mister; and livery servants—in livery; and perhaps I could fork out sixty thousand or so—but that's nothing. Your father was worth a good deal more before he was ruined. Ah! a pretty kettle of fish *he* made of it!

FRANK. This is too much! If you possessed the feelings of a gentleman——

SIR T. Gentleman, indeed! Hark ye, mister; I'm somewhat above a gentleman; I'm a knight, mister; and I defy any body to make a gentleman on me. But come, I didn't mean to offend you; it an't your fault that you are poor.

MARY. Again!

SIR T. That was a *lapsus lipsus*. (*To FRANK.*) But you ought to remember we titled parsonages have summat in the way of dignity which we are bound to be the upholsterers of.

FRANK. (*Laughing.*) I'll not forget it, Sir Timothy.

SIR T. Come, I say, Frank, don't you snigger, and quiz me. I've had but little practice as yet in the *bone-tone* line;—(*Laughing, and with an air of self-satisfaction*)—yet I do it tolerable well, don't I?

FRANK. Admirably.

SIR T. Rome wasn't built in a day! But do you know I feel myself growing more genteeler and genteeler every hour. But, I say, who is that chap?

MOON. (*Coming hastily forward and preventing FRANK's reply.*) I have the honour to be (*To SALLY SANDERS*) the intimate friend—(*To SIR T.*)—the—a—the private secretary—to Mr. Neville.

SIR T. Private secretary ! More fine names ! That means, I suppose, that you blacks his boots ?

SAL. My Augustus——!

MOON. (*To SALLY SANDERS.*) Hear, see, and say nothing. A scheme to obtain an interview with you. (*To SIR T.*) No, sir, it means—in short you may see what it means—(*In an under voice, and shewing him the letter-case.*) Look at this—I am keeper of his portfolio.

SIR T. Are you? Now I'll trouble you to keep somewhat.

MOON. What may that be, Sir Timothy ?

SIR T. Your distance.

MOON. (*To SALLY.*) All this I endure for your sake. We must contrive a private interview. But mum's the word.

SIR T. But now, Frank, we must come to an understanding. You and Mary used to be very fond of each other; but times is changed——

FRANK. (*Taking Mary's hand.*) But *we* are not; and were I possessed of the wealth of an empire——

SIR T. But you an't, you know, nor any thing like it. But to the point. What *have* you got ?

MOON. (*Aside.*) Now will he ruin himself by his cursed honour and honesty. (*Makes signs to him.*)

FRANK. I'll tell you, Sir Timothy, to a guinea. A fund of spirits which would be a fortune for an emperor, and a heart that floats upon the waves of adversity as lightly as a feather.

SIR T. O ! Then in that case I give you fair warning, that if you marry my daughter without my consent, she'll never see the colour of my rhino—and I've plenty of it too.

SAL. If they followed my advice, they'd marry though they had nothing to live upon but bread-and-butter and kisses.

SIR T. Kisses !—ah ! they are easy got, but where is the

bread-and-butter to come from ? So now I have told you my mind, you may stay and pass the day with us, and I'll give you a feed. As times go, a good dinner an't to be sneezed at—eh ! mister ?

FRANK. (*To MARY.*) I shall lose patience.

MARY. (*Restraining him.*) For my sake, Frank !

SIR T. But if I catch you making love to Mary, you never claps your legs under my mahogany again.

MARY. Come, Frank, give me your arm ; we'll take a turn on the lawn—I have a thousand things to say to you.

SIR T. Take Ellen Rivers with you.

MARY. She's engaged in the library with Mr. Percy.

SIR T. Then take him, too. (*Looking at SALLY SANDERS.*) There is enough of private rendezvousing going on as it is. By the bye, I'll make the tutor sign a promise of marriage to-day ; I'll have no trifling.

FRANK. I shall be glad to make Mr. Percy's acquaintance.

SIR T. You'll find him a very genteel young man for one of that 'ere sort ; and he does not bother one for his money as some of them do.

FRANK. (*Aside.*) I should wonder if he did !—But come, Mary, I am impatient to be alone with you. And you, (*to MOON.*) what's your name ?—rascal, go back to the inn and fetch my portmanteau ! (*Going.*)

SIR T. (*Stopping FRANK.*) What's right is right !—it is due to my rank to take *proceedings*, mister.

(*Exit SIR T. with assumed dignity ; followed by FRANK and MARY.*)

MOON. (*Bursting into a loud laugh.*) How devilish well we have kept it up !

SAL. Explain this mysterious change.

MOON. Answer me one question. In this disguise, do you think Sir Timothy suspects me of being a gentleman ?

SAL. No : nor could any one else.

MOON. Then we are safe.

SAL. I don't understand you.

MOON. Did you ever read "Ovid's Metamorphoses?"

SAL. Not that I recollect.

MOON. That's unlucky,—if you had, you would have understood the matter in a twinkling. When Jupiter was in love, he did not stand upon trifles, but condescended to any disguise to obtain an interview with the object of his affections. I follow his example :—Sir Timothy divides us ; I despair of ever beholding my celestial Salopia again ; Fortune throws in my way my old friend Frank Neville ; in the character of his servant I gain admission to the house, and—here I am.

SAL. How delightfully romantic ! But tell me, Augustus—(*Pathetically*)—tell me—what is become of your mustachios ?

MOON. (*Aside.*) Hang the mustachios ! I forget them, too !—Offered them as a sacrifice at the shrine of love, the better to support my assumed character. But, at once to business ; for Sir Timothy may again interrupt our meetings. I have already told you, Salopia, that I am the scion of a noble stock—the representative of the Fitzmoon-shines, a race ancient and numerous. For your sake, I brave a father's displeasure ; perhaps the loss of fortune ! Can you, then, doubt the disinterested purity of my affections ?

SAL. Not in the least.

MOON. Then tell me—(*with a sigh*)—what is your income ?

SAL. Three hundred a-year—every shilling at my own disposal, and all in the bank !

MOON. Oh, Salopia !

SAL. Besides expectations on the death of an aunt !

Enter SIR TIMOTHY, (unobserved.)

MOON. Ah, Salopia ! say the word ; I'll marry you to-morrow, and let my noble father do his worst.

SIR T. (*Aside.*) His noble father !—hang me if this is not her *cher ami* in disguise !

SAL. You are so hasty—allow me time for consideration—meet me this evening at our favourite spot, and we will speak more of this.

MOON. I will ;—and with a chaise in waiting ?

SAL. Really, Augustus,—my heart flutters so ! However, if I *should* find a silken ladder attached to my window—

MOON. A silken ladder ! (*Aside.*) A pretty figure for the part !—Now, if I might presume to recommend, the stairs—

SIR T. (*Comes forward.*) Ahem !

MOON. (*To SALLY.*) Sir Timothy ! I hope he has not overheard us.

SIR T. (*Aside.*) I'll pretend ignorance, throw him off his guard, and get the truth from him. (*To MOON.*) What are you doing here, sirrah, when you ought to be attending to your master's orders.

SAL. (*Aside.*) He suspects nothing.

MOON. (*Aside.*) All's safe !—Doing here, Sir Timothy ?

SIR T. Aye, doing here !

MOON. Why, sir, I—(*Aside*)—I have it. My own affairs are in good train, and here's an opportunity for giving a lift to my old master's.—The truth is, Sir Timothy, I was waiting to see you. Look at this. (*Shews the portfolio.*)

SIR T. Well !

MOON. You know I can't carry this about all day long.

SIR T. Why, you rascal, do you want me to carry it for you ?

MOON. Pooh !—the truth is, my friend Frank Neville—my master, I mean—

SIR T. (*Aside.*) Oh ! oh ! his friend !

MOON. Is so careless a fellow, that notwithstanding this portfolio contains—

SIR T. What ?

MOON. (*As if checking himself.*) Nothing—but no matter. He has his reasons for inducing you to believe that he is worth nothing, and I should be a scoundrel were I to betray his secret by saying the contrary.

SIR T. (*Aside.*) So, then, Frank has merely been trying to try me.

MOON. Where *can* it be placed for safety ? Have you a banker here ?

SIR T. We had one till he stopt.

MOON. Till he stopt !—till he *went*, you mean ?

SIR T. 'Tis all one—when a banker stops he goes, you know. So you wont give me a hint how much that case contains.

MOON. You shall know nothing from me, Sir Timothy ; but if you should guess within ten—or twenty thousand—why, then you are a cleverer fellow than I take you to be.

SIR T. (*Aside.*) He may be a good match for my Mary, after all. And you, mister, come now, who are you ?

MOON. (*Affecting indifference.*) Who ?—I ?—Oh ! Mr. Neville's secretary, that's all.

SAL. (*To MOON.*) That's right ; preserve the romantic mystery of your situation.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Ruby, the landlord of the White Raven, wishes to speak with you, Sir Timothy.

MOON. (*Aside.*) Ruby ! the devil !—Surely, Sir Timothy,

a man of your condition would not degrade yourself by receiving a man of his condition. It would be *infra dig*.

SIR T. A dig, indeed ! With a fellow of that class there's no knowing what one might be in for. (*To SER.*) Order him to send word what he wants.

SER. He says he has an important disclosure to make, sir, which he can trust to no one but yourself.

SIR T. A disclosure !—in that case shew him up.

(*Exit SER.*)

MOON. (*Aside.*) The romantic mystery of my situation will soon be at an end.—I have heard of that Ruby, Sir Timothy ; beware of him, he is the greatest rogue in the county ; he pretends to know every thing and every body. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I should not wonder if he were to pretend to know me. But beware of him, Sir Timothy, beware.

SIR T. Leave him to me.

MOON. But this portfolio, Sir Timothy ; should it be lost or mislaid—Have you a strong chest in the house.

SIR T. (*Aside.*) How anxious he is about the portfolio ; half a plum I'll answer for it. (*To SAL.*) Here, take the key of the strong box, and let Mister —— (*significantly*)—Mr. Neville's secretary see it safely disposed.—(*aside*)—"My noble father !"

SAL. This way, Augustus.

MOON. (*Aside.*) Then to apprise my master of this unlucky disclosure ; and, in case of the worst, prepare for immediate flight. (*Exit SALLY ; as MOONSHINE is following,*)

Enter RUBY.

RUBY. Oh ! ho !

MOON. (*With a threatening gesture.*) Thirty-two, ten, six. (*Exit MOONSHINE.*)

SIR T. Oh ! ho !—And is that your manner of addressing a Knight-errant ?—Oh ! ho !

RUBY. Beg pardon, Sir Timothy, but I come to put you on your guard against a plot; I did promise to keep the secret, but, on consideration, it would not suit me to make an enemy of a great man like you, sir.

SIR T. Well, mister, and what may your plot be?

RUBY. In the first place, sir, that person is not the man he pretends to be.

SIR T. (*With an air of self-satisfaction.*) An't he indeed? And you are come to tell me, I suppose, that he an't Mr. Neville's servant—his secretary, as he calls himself.

RUBY. No more than you are, Sir Timothy.

SIR T. (*Aside.*) All's right.

RUBY. Why, sir, he has been staying at my house, living like the first nobleman in the land, and——

SIR T. Has he?—(*aside*)—'Tis clear, they are as rich as the mint, both of them.—And is that all you know, you varlet?

RUBY. Varlet, indeed! I've a great mind to—Yes, I do know one thing more: it is his intention to carry off that lady.

SIR T. Carry her off? Well I wish him joy of that. Now, mind, I have discovered all about them both; but I have my reasons for seeming to be in the dark: so blow out your rush-light of information, mister, and not a word of this to any body.

RUBY. Very well, Sir Timothy; only recollect I have done my duty, by putting you on your guard. (*Going.*)

SIR T. Stay.—(*aside*)—Who knows what may come of having the son of a great man in my family?—I overheard something about a post-shay; now——

RUBY. I understand. No one keeps post-horses but me, and not one shall they have.

SIR T. Pooh! Keep a shay in readiness for them; I have my reasons for it.

RUBY. Ha! ha! ha! And leave the honourable captain to pay for it.

SIR T. Aye; or if in the confusion he should forget it, I'll pay for it.

RUBY. That's enough, Sir Timothy.—(*as he goes off*)—He knows best what he's about, I suppose; but Mr. Dick sha'n't stir an inch, till he pays me my thirty-two, ten, six.

(*Exit RUBY.*)

SIR T. That's very cleverly managed, though I say it. If Frank's friend is bent on making a lady of Sally Sanders, why, bless his taste, and all the better for Sall. It isn't for me to stand in her light. As for Frank and his portfolio—ecod, I'll come to the rights of things at once, and settle matters one way or other before the day is past. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

SIR TIMOTHY'S Garden.

Enter FRANK and PERCY.

PER. Now, Neville, what think you of my Ellen Rivers?

FRANK. I wish you thought but half as well of the advice I have just given you as I think of your mistress.

PER. Why doubt it? Have I not told you I will instantly set off for London, and candidly inform my father of the whole affair?

FRANK. 'Tis the most prudent course you can take.

PER. But how go on your affairs with Mary?

FRANK. Hopeless, Percy! We are both confident that her father would never give us a shilling; but though the dear girl herself is willing to marry me, and risk her hopes of fortune, I would not be the villain to repay her dis-

interested affection by exposing her to the chances of a life of poverty.

PER. Marry her, Frank, marry her. In time, the old cheesemonger may relent. You and I are old friends; and if, in the interval, a few hundreds might serve you—

FRANK. No, no, my boy,—Fortune has foredoomed me an unlucky dog; she has left me nothing but my good spirits and an honest heart; and, as those are my only possessions, I can't afford to compromise them by an act of doubtful propriety. I'll join you in your journey to London, and leave my dear Mary to brighter prospects.

PER. Hush! here they come.

Enter MARY and ELLEN.

MARY. Well, Frank, have you recovered from your heroics, and discarded your nonsensical fine sentiments? Was there ever such a thing heard of, Mr. Percy? Here is a gentleman who wont marry me without my papa's consent.

FRANK. 'Tis for your sake, Mary, I dread the consequences of such a step. Considering your father's disposition, poverty and ruin must be—

MARY. Ruin, nonsense! If I don't mind being ruined, what need it signify to you? You loved me, and promised to marry me when I was nothing but a cheesemonger's daughter; and now—Take my advice, Ellen; make Mr. Percy marry you at once, for if *you* should have the misfortune to become suddenly rich, who knows but he might break his promise too.

ELLEN. I have no such ground for apprehension. But our case is different: I am an orphan, and free to choose for myself; nor is there any one to whom Mr. Percy, as he has often assured me, is accountable for his actions. Is it not so?

PERCY. (*Hesitating.*) Yes.

ELLEN. Why do you hesitate?

PER. Why—there is one friend—a relation—from whom I have some expectations, and ——

ELLEN. You never told me this before.

PER. 'Twas needless; for even should he disapprove——
Yet, as there will be no harm in acquainting him with my intentions, I am going to London for the purpose.

ELLEN. Do you leave us, then?

PER. But for a day or two.

ELLEN. (*Emphatically.*) Percy, do not deceive me!

PER. I will not deceive you—to your injury, Ellen.

ELLEN. Remember! I have used no subterfuge—I have attempted no concealments with you. You know my history. My mother was at the point of marriage with a young gentleman of high family. Their union was prevented. Her parents then compelled her to accept a suitor much older than herself, but wealthy. To neither of them was this forced alliance a source of happiness. My father, having nearly dissipated his large fortune at play, died, bequeathing us a sum sufficient merely to supply our daily wants. Of the slender remains of this, I soon, alas! became the inheritress. I have little more to give you, therefore, than my heart; but, if you love me, the exercise of your talents—*your* only possession—will ensure sufficient for our comfort and our happiness. But, once again, do not deceive me, Percy.

MARY. There, Mr. Frank, mind that. Why can't you turn school-master, as I suppose Mr. Percy means to do?

FRANK. Ha! ha! ha! I a school-master? Where am I to find scholars?

MARY. Do you marry me, and set up a school, I dare say we shall soon find plenty of scholars.

Enter MOONSHINE hastily.

MOON. Oh, sir ! I have been looking for you high and low. It is all over with us.

FRANK. With us ! What does the fellow mean ?

MOON. That cursed Ruby has been here ; I left him in close confab. with the Knight of the Scoop, and no doubt he has shewn us both up for a couple of ——

FRANK. *Us* again, rascal ! What have I to do with Ruby, or what does he know of me ?

MOON. True, sir ; but I fear he has blown up the finest plot in the world. I had just succeeded in leading Sir Timothy to suppose that you ——. But I'm afraid there's an end to it all now.

FRANK. What is the meaning of this rigmarole, sirrah ?

MOON. You'll learn that soon enough, sir, for here comes Sir Timothy. Now, sir, take my advice : lose no time in being off with the young lady—'tis your only chance.

MARY. That is a remarkably sensible man.

FRANK. Don't pester me with your advice, but go about your business.

MOON. I will, sir ; for my present business is to act like an honest counsellor—to practise what I preach. (*Aside.*) I'll rejoin my lovely three-hundred-a-year, and endeavour to prevail on her to elope while she still believes me to be the Honourable Augustus Fitz ; for immediately upon *detection*, *objection* and *rejection* will follow as naturally as *ejection*. (*Exit MOONSHINE.*)

MARY. What does he mean ? What can have happened, Frank ?

FRANK. I know not ; but, most likely, that flower of chivalry, your father, has repented of his civil invitation to

me. However, as I am too well-bred a dog to remain till I am unceremoniously turned out, I shall incontinently take my leave.

Enter SIR TIMOTHY.

SIR T. (*Aside, as he enters.*) Now, I'll not let the sly rogue know that I'm in the secret; I'll pretend still to think him poor, and gain credit with him for a touch of *magnanimity*.

MARY. Surely, papa, you won't allow Mr. Neville to leave us? He talks of going away immediately.

SIR T. (*Aside.*) A bit of sniff. He must be rich by his being so plaguy proud.—He go? pooh! he knows when he's well off. He came to stay a month with us, I'll answer for it.

FRANK. Whatever might have been my intentions, Sir Timothy, I have found reason to change them.

SIR T. O, to be sure, that's right; keep it up. (*Aside.*) Yet I *will* just give him a hint that I know somewhat about it.—There's never a banker's within ten miles of us; but don't you be uneasy about that, I've got it safe for you. (*Makes a sign as of turning a key.*) Double lock—Bramah's patent.

FRANK. Bramah's patent! What does he mean?

SIR T. (*Knowingly.*) The portfolio! There an't the vally of ninepence in it.

FRANK. Well, sir, and has any one endeavoured to persuade you of the contrary? Or have you presumed to examine it?

SIR T. O, neither one nor t'other; only some folks can't see through a mill-stone, you know. (*FRANK is about to reply.*) But come, where's the use of carrying it on any longer? Confess; you've not much ready cash in your portfolio?

FRANK. (*Aside.*) An odd question.—Not that I am aware of.

SIR T. Well, then, if a few hundreds would be of any use to you till you can——

MARY. Now, that's my good papa, again. (*To FRANK.*) I'm sure, Frank, it will be all well with us.

FRANK. (*With an expression of astonishment.*) Really, Sir Timothy, I——

SIR T. Say no more, but in with me and 'tis done. (*Aside.*) A deep scheme of mine! I have fixed him.—So, so—(*perceiving PERCY and ELLEN together at a distance*)—more hole-and-corner work; more *rendezvousing*. I'll make sure of this at once.—I say Miss Ellen, and you, Mr. Tutorer. (*They come forward.*) I have put an end to one piece of billing and cooing to-day, so no nonsense, don't you see. You mean to enter into the state of con-nubial matrimony with Ellen Rivers?

PER. Behold her, sir! Need you other reply? Still to doubt me were to suppose me so cold of heart, so destitute of understanding, that——

SIR T. No matter for a fine speech; an ounce of black-upon-white is worth a pound of talkee-talkee. Will you sign a written promise to marry the girl? And that's coming to the point.

PER. Willingly; with my life engaged for its fulfilment.

SIR T. Come along, then.—In, girls, in—and we'll make that matter safe at once. (*Exit MARY and ELLEN.*)

(*As he is going off, enter SERVANT.*)

SER. A letter, Sir Timothy. (*Exit.*)

FRANK. (*To PERCY.*) Do nothing rashly; bethink you of your father.

PER. Wherefore need I hesitate in this? My word

already plighted, a drop of ink can bind me by no stronger obligation.

SIR T. (*Who has been poring over the superscription.*) A letter! the blockhead, to call this a letter! Couldn't the fool see it's a frank? (*With an air of importance.*) And from a Member of Parliament, I shouldn't wonder, by the scrawl. (*Attempts to read.*) "To Sir Tim——" Hang me if I can make out my own name, much less the writer's. Here, Mr. Tutorer, can you make out whose frank this is?

PER. (*Looking at it, exclaims aside.*) Heavens! my father's! (*With hesitation.*) 'Tis Sir Osbaldiston de Mowbray's.

SIR T. What! the great Leicestershire baronet? Now, what can he have to say to me? (*Opens the letter.*)

PER. (*To FRANK.*) Would that I could discover the contents of that letter!

SIR T. What an orthograph he writes! I declare one might as well try to make out the stains on a blotting-paper after a week's mopping and sopping upon a banker's counter. If all the secrets of the state were let out by it, it an't my fault; so (*to PERCY*) do you try what you can make of it for me.

PER. (*Reads.*) "Sir,—An incredible report has reached me, that my son is at your house, where, under an assumed name, he is paying his addresses to some female of your family."——

SIR T. (*Aside.*) Ha! ha! ha! So the secret's out! Sally Sanders and the secretary. "My noble father!" Ha! ha! ha!

PER. (*Reads.*)——"As you cannot but perceive the absurdity of any expectation you may have formed that I should ever consent to such a degradation of the house of de Mowbray!——"

FRANK. (*To PERCY.*) As I anticipated.

SIR T. Their marriage degrade his house! Why, if that's all, let them go into lodgings.

PER. (*Reads.*) "You will, on your side, interpose your authority, so as to prevent this foolish affair being carried any farther,—should there, indeed, be any foundation for the silly rumour. Having resolved, however, to satisfy myself by a personal inquiry into the matter, you may expect to see me within an hour after your receipt of this. You will be careful to keep my intention a secret from my son. Your servant, Osbaldiston de Mowbray."

SIR T. Short and snappish, from one man of title to another! Now, what's best to be done? (*Aside.*) Poor Sally Sanders! ha, ha, ha! Who'd ever have thought that she—— But, I say, Mr. Percy, what's the matter with you? You are unwell.

PER. 'Tis nothing, sir, nothing!

SIR T. Well, I must order preparations to receive him. I don't know whether you have heard of him, but I have. I'm told he is as rich as the Bank, and as proud all the year round as a new lord mayor on the ninth of November. He is one of your high tip-top chaps, and turns up his aristocrackish nose at us young beginners in the nobility line;—but let me come in close contract with him, I'll shew him Tim Stilton can scoop out a taste of the genteel and dignified as well as himself.

PER. May I inquire, Sir Timothy, how you intend to proceed in the principal matter—the marriage?

SIR T. That must depend on circumstances. But if by so doing I could make a friend of the great man, I'd kick his son out o' doors, and send the "female," as he calls her, to Jericho.

PER. (*To Frank.*) A pleasing determination!

SIR T. Come, Frank, with me; and if you can but make

it clear that— But we'll talk that matter over with Mary.
(*To PERCY.*) In the mean time I have a job for you.

PER. For me, sir!

SIR T. Do you go wait at the White Raven; Sir What-do-you-call-him, with the long name, must come that way. Tell him that you are tutorer in Sir Timothy Stilton's family, and are sent to shew him the way. That will give a style to the thing. O that he hadn't come till my library had got books in it, and the rascally painter had finished my moon and seven stars on the ceiling! I think I should have come over him then,—and no mistake!

(*Exit SIR TIMOTHY.*)

PER. An agreeable mission for me! Here's a pretty event, Frank!

FRANK. What are your intentions?

PER. I have but one course to pursue. I must meet my father on the road, confess all to him, and throw myself on his indulgence. O that I could prevent this interview between him and Sir Timothy! for, knowing my father's disposition as I do, the unredeemed vulgarity of this man's mind and manners would be fatal to my most reasonable hopes.

FRANK. Away, then; and may success attend you. I will be observant here, and avail myself, on your behalf, of any turn that Fortune may offer in your favour.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

At RUBY's Inn, as before.

A bustle, and clatter of bells. Enter RUBY.

RUBY. Hurrah ! here's something like a customer at last ! Travelling carriage and four, grooms, out-riders, valet—A duke, at the least.—(*bows obsequiously*)—This way, your grace, this way ! Will my lord duke please to——

Enter SIR OSBALDISTON DE MOWBRAY.

SIR O. (*Haughtily*) I am not my lord duke ! Tell me, is not there one Sir Jonathan, or Sir Humphrey Stilton—that, I believe, is the man's name—residing in this neighbourhood ?

RUBY. You can see his willow, as he calls it, from that window, my lord ; but his name is Sir Timothy Stilton, please your lordship.

SIR O. Timothy, aye, 'tis immaterial.

RUBY. The same thing exactly, please your lordship.

SIR O. I am Sir Osbaldiston de Mowbray.

RUBY. Beg a million pardons, sir, a million pardons. (*Aside.*) One Sir Timothy ! Why, he makes nothing of the great man of our place.

SIR O. What manner of person is the—person—I have named ?

RUBY. Brummagem, sir, Brummagem. (*Takes out a bill of fare, and bows.*)—Gravy, pea, and mock turtle, sir!

SIR O. Brummagem? I don't understand you.

RUBY. Why, sir, not the real thing, sir. One can distinguish the real man of rank, sir, with half an eye, sir.—(*Bows.*)—Soles, flounders, eels, and whiting, sir.

SIR O. A retired shop-keeper, I believe?

RUBY. Scum, your honour, mere scum. In our line it behoves us to be civil to every body; but when the genuine gentleman *does* come—(*bows*)—Steaks, chops, cutlets.

SIR O. Have you heard any thing of an absurd flirtation between a young gentleman, a stranger here, and some female of this man's family?

RUBY. (*Aside.*) Dick Moonshine and his flame! Why how can that concern a great man like—To say the truth, sir, he has let me into the secret, sir; there's an elopement a-foot, sir. (*Bows.*)—Puddings, tarts, and jellies.

SIR O. (*Aside.*) An elopement! 'tis well I am arrived in time to prevent it.—Is the young gentleman living at the house of this—Sir what?—Sir Timothy?

RUBY. Why, no, sir; the *young gentleman* honours *me* with his company. He has run up a bill of thirty-two—ten—six; and glad enough shall I be to see my money.—(*Bows.*)—Poultry *and* joints at the shortest notice.

SIR O. Would that that were the worst! You need be under no apprehensions concerning your money, were the amount twenty times doubled. I shall see that you be paid.

RUBY. Why, (*aside.*) if Dick be not a conjuror I'm a—

SIR O. I believe he visits the people in question under an assumed name?

RUBY. Assumed! Most particularly so, your honour.—

(*Bows.*)—My house, though small, sir, affords accommodation, which, I am proud to say, sir—

SIR O. Is the young gentleman now in the house?

RUBY. No, sir; he went to Sir Timothy's this morning, sir.—(*Bows.*)—And wines of the very highest quality.

SIR O. Send one of my people—desire Forrester to come to me immediately.

RUBY. Most instantly, your honour. (*Aside.*) More honour than profit with this customer, I'm afraid. Well, Dick seems to have done it! but how—no matter, so long as I am paid. (*At a sign from SIR O.*) I fly, your honour.

(*Exit RUBY.*)

SIR O. 'Tis but too true, then! O Percy!—Percy! Yet must this disgraceful connexion be prevented, nay, it shall be, though it cost me the sacrifice of half my possessions.

(*Enter FORRESTER.*)

O, Forrester,—I sent for you.

FOR. I was just coming to you, sir, for I have news that will astonish you.

SIR O. Ha! What?

FOR. Mr. De Mowbray is here, sir; I have just seen him coming towards the house.

SIR O. (*Checking an exclamation of surprise.*) O—'tis well. I expect him. Tell Mr. De Mowbray that I am arrived, and am waiting to see him. Then do you go to Sir Timothy Stilton's—present my compliments to Sir Timothy—I trust he will find it convenient to receive my visit in half an hour.

FOR. I will, sir.

(*Exit FOR.*)

SIR O. So, he comes!

(*Enter PERCY.*)

Doubtless, sir, you are but ill prepared for this meeting!

PER. I own I did not expect to see you here, sir; but so earnestly have I desired an early interview that I was preparing to set out for London, for the express purpose of waiting upon you.

SIR O. It were needless to inform you, Percy, in what manner I have become acquainted with this idle frolic of your's—for as such only can I consider it;—but aware of it as I am, it is my duty at once to put an end to it. It cannot be your serious intention to marry the person whom you are deluding by the semblance of your addresses; nor, as a gentleman and a man of honour, can you entertain any other purpose.

PER. Pardon me, sir; it is my most serious intention to make the lady my wife: yet allow me to add, that I should not have dared to take this resolution but under the fullest conviction that, when you should have seen her, my choice would receive the sanction of your approval.

SIR O. Astonishment! My approval! Do you forget, sir, who I am? Do you forget yourself? If so, let me remind you. You are a De Mowbray, and my son. Though you be unmindful of the respect and duty you owe your father, recollect at least what is due to the honour and dignity of our house.

PER. Sacred as I hold those obligations, I shall consider it no violation of them, sir, to introduce into our family a woman such as I have chosen.

SIR O. Perhaps, too, you may consider that the blood of the De Mowbrays will be exalted by mingling with the puddle of a cheesemonger.

PER. (*Aside.*) There's the cheese at last. That's a hit difficult to parry. (*Hesitating.*) Certainly, sir, Sir Timothy *was* a cheesemonger; but he has acquired a large fortune—he has retired from his—profession; and you are

of a character too liberal, too noble, to despise one who from a humble station has attained——

SIR O. Do not mistake me. The progress of industry, honest, persevering industry, from obscurity to eminence, I admire; but defend me from him who on the desperate wings of speculation has suddenly risen to affluence, with all his native vulgarity full and fresh upon him. Yet it is with the daughter of such as this——

PER. The young lady, sir, is not his daughter; she is nothing more than——

SIR O. Answer me this: is the name which has descended to us unsullied through a long line of ancestry to be tarnished at length, and by the misconduct of him I call my son?

PER. Did one who ever bore that name yet stand accountable for a promise unredeemed?

SIR O. How, sir, a promise! and have you dared——?

PER. Pardon me, sir; I have pledged myself to this union by a promise deliberate and solemn; and on its fulfilment, not my happiness only, but my honour depends.

SIR O. Rash boy!

PER. Consider too, sir, that in your youth you yourself——

SIR O. I am well reminded. (*With emotion.*) I sacrificed a foolish passion to the duty I owed a father; submitted to his authority, and—happy—in my obedience—(*Aside.*) O, my Annabella!—But no matter: however repugnant to my taste may be an interview with this Stilton, I have resolved to see him, and——

PER. Ere you decide, sir, in justice grant me this request. See the lady also on whom I have irrevocably fixed my affections. If youth, if beauty unexcelled, if the power of mind and the fascination of manners, if a temper

gentle as the dove's and a voice rivalling the music of the nightingale's; if all these combined are powerless to move you,—then, sir——

SIR O. Well, sir, I will see the—lady. Yet indulge not in any vain hopes of my consent. This is a pretty opening chapter of your romance; but, as from this point it is I who shall conduct the story, you may readily anticipate the *denouement*. You will await my return here. (*Exit* SIR O.)

PER. He will see my lovely Ellen: then, (but for this unlucky meeting between my father and the vulgar knight!)—then would I not despair. Heavens! the contrast! Fine Dresden to the basest delft, Brussels lace to a tarpauling, are nothing to it. Yet will I trust to the power of her charms to obliterate the horrible impression. (*Exit* PER.)

SCENE II.

At SIR TIMOTHY'S, *as before*.

Enter SIR TIMOTHY, *followed by a Servant*.

SIR T. Now, it is near the time; keep a sharp look out, and the moment Sir—Sir Or—Sir what d'ye call him——?

SER. Sir Hobbleston Mowbray, Sir Timothy.

SIR T. Sir Hobble—Sir Osmal—Sir—(*Aside*)—'Tis of no use, I shall never remember the plaguy hard name, let me try ever so much.—Now, when you see him coming, send me word, that I may be prepared; and when you come to renounce him, do it in a good bold voice, d'ye hear?—not in a pig's whisper, as you'd renounce a tailor. (*Exit*. SER.) Well; for his objection to this marriage with Sally Sanders, I can't say he's all wrong. I, myself, would rather have her for a cousin than a wife. However, she is akin to me; and if the young man is bent upon having her, I don't see

why I should spoil her fortune—unless, indeed, the old one would make it worth my while.

Another SERVANT comes in hastily.

2nd SER. He's a-coming, Sir Timothy ! *(Exit.)*

SIR T. How shall I receive him?—There's nothing like a good first impression. I have it—I'll appear to be at my studies. Where—where is the "Penny Teacher?" *(Takes up a paper ; then hastily takes off his gaiters, which he throws under the table, and arranges his dress.)* A little more of the frill won't be amiss. For the rest, I'll just do as he does ; in which case, I can't go wrong.

Enter 1st SERVANT, announcing in a low tone

1st SER. Sir Hobbleston Mowbray, Sir Timothy.

SIR T. Louder, you rascal ; louder !

1st SER. *(In a loud voice.)* Sir Hobbleston Mowbray, Sir Timothy !

SIR T. *(In a similar tone.)* Shew him in, by all manner of means.

Enter SIR OSBALDISTON.

SIR O. *(Bowing haughtily.)* Sir Timothy Stilton, I presume ?

SIR T. I have that honour. *(Imitating SIR O's manner.)* Sir Snobbleston Mowbray, I presume ? *(Aside.)* Come, that's not amiss. And now for a touch of authority. *(To Servant.)* Now, you sir, don't you see we're a-standing, and wants to sit down ? Give us two chairs—one apiece. *(Servant places chairs, and SIR T. seats himself.)* Now go ; and no listening at the key-hole : we have consequential affairs to talk about. *(Exit Servant.)* Ah ! the plague to us who are obliged to keep a train of these livery servants in livery ! I dare say, Sir Snobbleston, you are bothered in pretty much the same way.

SIR O. To the business that brought me here, if you please, sir. (SIR O. *takes a chair.*)

SIR T. Aye, the marriage of your son with my ——

SIR O. Marriage, sir! Assuming you to be a man of sense—a man of the world—I am satisfied you must be conscious that such a union is impossible.

SIR T. Why, as far as that goes, I can't say as I am. It's a queer taste of his, to be sure; but if he likes she, and she likes he, I don't see the fun of two old noddies like you and me laying our heads together to spoil sport.

SIR O. (*Aside.*) And this is the person with whom my son would ally us!—This affair, sir, can be viewed in no other light than that of a wild youth's frolic; and when you yourself consider the glaring disparity between us in rank, family, station, ——

SIR T. Why, now, there again, I can't say as I see much in that neither, Sir Snobbleston.

SIR O. Osbaldiston, if you please.

SIR T. Aye, I know. (*Aside.*) He is coming the high and mighty, so I must come the high and mighty too.—As I was a-going to say, I don't see, saving your presence, such a great disparagement between us after all. We are both of us men of quality and title. I'm a knight-errant—you are a barrow-knight. We are both on us Sirs. The only difference I know of is, that your title is hereditary to you and your posterities for ever and ever.

SIR O. Perhaps, sir, some little difference may be acknowledged between one who can trace his descent beyond the Conquest, and you who are a mere *novus homo*.

SIR T. Sir Snobbleston, Sir Snobbleston, don't call names, if you please;—*that* can't be genteel at no rate.

SIR O. (*Aside.*) This man is impracticable! Once more, however.—Although my son, being of age, is beyond

my legal control, I still rely on his duty and affection for compliance with my wishes. Now, sir, if you will use your influence with the lady ——

SIR T. Ah, Sir Mowbray, you may shut up that side of your shop at once. The *lady* has three hundred a year of her own; is her own mistress; and don't mind me three skips of a maggot. Besides, Sally Sanders is naturally as obstinate as a pig.

SIR O. (*Starting.*) What! Who?

SIR T. Why, your son's flame—Sally Sanders.

SIR O. (*Sinking back into his chair.*) Heavens!—and with such a name too!

SIR T. Why, that's of no consequence; the moment she is married to your son, she'll drop that, you know.

SIR O. Never, sir, will that moment arrive.

SIR T. Why, then, I'm afraid Miss Sanders won't think herself well used in the business. Here has been your son, night after night, playing the fiddle under our windows—serenading is their fine name for it——

SIR O. Shades of my ancestors! A De Mowbray playing the fiddle under a cheesemonger's window! At once, and at any sacrifice, this affair must be prevented.

——Now, my dear Sir Timothy——

SIR T. (*Aside.*) Now, I see we are to come the familiar rig.——(*Slaps him on the knee.*) Now, my dear Sir Snobbleston, that's the way to come over me. It isn't for folks of our station to play the grand with one another. Let's be intimate, old chap, and we shall soon come to an understanding.

SIR O. (*Aside.*) This man will shorten my life by a dozen years.——Tell me frankly, sir, do you expect to gain anything from this preposterous marriage?

SIR T. Not a mouse's meal on a—ahem!——Yet I don't see why I should stand in Sally Sanders's light; for,

to deal plainly, should she make a miss of it this time, she'll not get another such a catch as your son in a hurry. Yet, at the same time, I'd as lief do nothing to disoblige you at the beginning of our friendship. Eh?

SIR O. Well, sir?

SIR T. Take my advice; see her yourself, and try what you can make of her.

SIR O. (*Aside.*) Thus much I have promised Percy. —I will see the lady, sir.

SIR T. I'll send her to you at once. Ha! ha! ha! Ecod, Sir Snobby, you are the smoothest old fellow I ever came across on; you'll soon talk her over, I'll answer for it. In the meantime I'll go and see how they are getting on with dinner.

SIR O. Dinner! Do you imagine, sir, that I—

SIR T. Imagine! no, no; I don't imagine no such thing. A dinner is no object to you, I know that very well. But as I dare say we shall settle this affair amicable, it will be pleasanter to settle it over summut to eat. Lord! I don't invite you for the sake of the *vittels*, Sir Snobby. (*Aside, as he goes off.*) I've made an impression on him, that's clear:
(*Exit SIR TIMOTHY.*)

SIR O. Am I alive? This man, with his familiar slaps and thrusts, has broken every rib, dislocated every joint in my body. His unredeemed vulgarity has choked me! I'm suffocated—poisoned! I must be let blood—pass forty days in a vapour bath—or purify myself by a rigid course of etiquette in some German court. Yet can my son, whose taste and whose habits I am well acquainted with—! Surely, surely the lady for whose sake he has undergone an association with this man must be all, and more than all, he has described her to be. That alone can account for it!—Would she were come! a little conversation with a being so lovely may operate as a charm to clear me from the taint

which that man's polluting presence has left upon me.
(*He is seated, and in thought.*)

Enter MISS SALLY SANDERS.

SAL. (*Speaking off.*) Don't teaze me, Sir Timothy ; do you think I don't know how to bemean myself without your tutoring ? (*Aside.*) There's my Augustus's father ! Well, really he does look something like a gentleman !—I feel myself all of a twitter.—Ahem !—ahem !—(*She approaches, and makes a very low curtsey.*) How do you do, your worship ; I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you very well to-day ?

SIR O. (*Rises.*) Thank you, madam. (*Aside.*) What have we here ?

SAL. Sir Timothy has told us you have found out all about your son, and (*hesitating*) that—that you are rather the reverse of the match.

SIR O. Has he, madam ?—(*Aside.*) This unfortunate affair will be the talk of all England.—*You* are acquainted with my son ?

SAL. (*Simpering.*) Why, tolerable, sir. (*Aside.*) Yet that's an odd question.

SIR O. I see it all. He has condescended to become the intimate of every member of this excruciating family.—Of course you have only known him since his arrival at this place ?

SAL. (*Aside.*) That's pumping. However, as there is nothing to be ashamed of, I'll tell him all.—Long before that, sir. I first met him at Margate—at a fancy ball. (*SIR O. starts.*)—A vastly genteel one, though ;—tickets five shillings apiece, and every morsel you eat and drank paid for separate. We waltzed and galloped together. (*At each point SIR O. starts as it were with horror.*) I was drest like Marmzelle Taglioni in the Sylphide ; your son—

SIR O. (*Aside.*) What next am I to hear ?

SAL. Your son came in the character of a Punch-and-Judy-man; and 't isn't because he is your son I say it, sir, but without compliment to you, he was the life and soul o' the whole room.

SIR O. (*Aside, with a groan.*) O, Percy, Percy! A De Mowbray Punch-and-Judy-man at a Margate hop!

SAL. Next day he treated me to the donkey-races at Dandelion;—*You've* been to Dandelion of course!—and the day after that—

SIR O. For mercy's sake, madam—enough, enough. Pardon me, but my time is nearly exhausted, and I am waiting here to see a lady—a lady of the name of Sanders.

SAL. Well, sir! my name is Sanders.

SIR O. Then, madam, I presume it must be your daughter I am to see.

SAL. Daughter, sir! my daughter?

SIR O. A *young* lady, madam—Miss Sally Sanders.

SAL. I am Sally Sanders; and the only one of the name in this family, sir.

SIR O. Then it is the name I must be mistaken. The young lady I wish to see is she to whom my undutiful son, under cover of an assumed name, is paying his addresses. She is described to me as being young and of exquisite beauty; in manners fascinating, and with a mind ——

SAL. Well, what more does the man want? It is all right. I'm the lady your son comes a-courting.

SIR O. Impossible!

SAL. Impossible? and why, I should like to know? I say it is me your son comes a-courting; if, indeed, you really be my sweet-heart's father—which, from your *obstrepous* conduct, I'm very much inclined to doubt.—My daughter, indeed!

SIR O. (*Aside.*) Temper gentle as the dove's!—Pardon

me, Miss Sanders ; I meant not to offend you. But, pry-thee, answer me one only question : Has my son seriously proposed marriage to you ?

SAL. Seriously, indeed ! I should like to catch any man making a joke on that point. I've got his promise.

SIR O. (*Aside.*) Exactly as he told me.

MISS S. But, come ; let's have no round-about work in a matter like this. The long and the short of it is, that you wont give your consent to our marriage.

SIR O. You compel me to speak. Rather would I follow my son to his grave.

SAL. Then let me tell you, we'll be married without it. Your son is a lad of spirit. " I'll marry you," says he, " and let my noble father do his worst." As your son says, you can't live for ever, you know : in the mean time I have three hundred a year of my own : that will keep the pot boiling till you pop off. My daughter, indeed ! To be so insulted ! (*Aside.*) I'll marry my Augustus now if it be only to spite his father. I'll go at once, and write to him to bring a shay and be off with me this very night. My daughter, indeed !
(*Exit MISS SANDERS.*)

SIR O. Is he mad ? — or am I, at this moment, asleep and labouring under the influence of a frightful dream ? Love her ! impossible. Yet, monstrous as it is, his own confession, the woman's declaration, convince me of the lamentable fact. Percy is stubborn in his resolves. There is but one way, then, to prevent this most odious marriage. The offer of a weighty bribe to this Sir Timothy may induce him to — He is here.

Enter SIR TIMOTHY.

SIR T. So, Sir Snobbleston, Sally tells me that she and you can't drive your pigs to the same market, eh ? I didn't

think you would.—When you came to overhaul the commodity, you found it didn't answer sample, eh, Sir Snobby?

SIR O. I don't clearly understand you, sir. But to the point. In order to put it out of my son's power to marry this ——

SIR T. Ah! since I've been out of the room, I've had an affair of that kind to look after in my own family. There's my daughter Mary has set her heart upon having Frank Neville, who, after all, ——

SIR O. But as that does not concern me, sir ——

SIR T. I know, I know; but taking it into my head that he had brought home plenty of the stuff, I was beginning to do the friendly to him, as was natural, you know. (SIR O. *betrays signs of impatience.*) When, just this minute, discovering that it was all a fudge, and he fairly telling me that he hasn't a guinea to bless himself with, I've sent him off—turned him out of my house—as was natural also, you know.

SIR O. May I hope for the honour of your attention, sir?—Waving all circumlocution, and to come at once to the point,—if you can place this Miss Sanders beyond my son's reach, by prevailing upon her to marry any one else, I will give them five thousand pounds on their wedding-day.

SIR T. Five thousand!—Come, come, Sir Snobbleston, you're a deep one, but that kite wont fly. Five thousand!—That's vastly well to promise; but when the business is finished, and the question is, “Where's the mopuses?”—(With a knowing look, and poking SIR O. in the side.)—Eh! old chap?

SIR O. My word is not usually doubted, sir. Five! Nay, rather than suffer the disgrace of such a connexion, I would double that sum.

SIR T. Double it! Hang me, but I'd almost marry Sally myself, if it warn't for the contiguity of our relationship. But the difficulty, Sir Snobbleston, the difficulty.

SIR O. Do you know no one who, with such a temptation——?

SIR T. Let me see! The tutorer? No, he's engaged to Ellen Rivers, and can't.—I have it, I have it! Frank Neville! He's the man—the very thing for us both.—*(Snatches SIR O. by the hand, and shakes it violently.)*—Suits our account on both sides of the ledger. By his marrying Sally your son is kept out of her clutches, and my daughter is safe from Neville's, don't you see?

SIR O. I have nothing to do with your family arrangements, sir. But do you think this Mr. Neville will consent to——

SIR T. Consent! He'll jump at it. Why, his fortune's made. A most unlooked-for ship come into harbour for him, that I can tell you. As for Sally, so long as she gets a handsome young husband, it can't make no difference to her which on 'em it is.

SIR O. Well, then, sir——

SIR T. But stop; I've just turned Frank Neville out of the house, and as he's a high-minded sort of a——. But when he hears it's something to his advantage, he'll come back again, of course. I'll send at once to Ruby's, and——

SIR O. The details of the affair I shall leave to your arrangement, and will remain in the neighbourhood till it is concluded. Good morning, Sir Timothy.

SIR T. What! you stop dinner, don't you?

SIR O. No sir, I thank you. *(Going.)*

SIR T. Not stop! Roast goose and apple sauce, and not stop! Well, if ever I heard——!

SIR O. Once more, good morning, sir. *(SIR T. holds*

out his hand. SIR O. coldly presents a finger. SIR T., after looking at it, just touches it with a finger.)

SIR T. O ! that's the go, is it? Well, I suppose it's all right for folks of our rank to keep one another at a distance at first ; but when I have settled this business to your liking, you'll not be the man to spit upon the slate of gratitude, and sponge out the score of obligation, will you, Sir Snobby ? So to our next merry meeting. *(Exeunt.)*

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

At RUBY'S inn, as before.

Enter SIR OSBALDISTON, followed by PERCY.

SIR O. I'll hear no more, sir.

PER. I would ask but one question, sir; have you seen the lady?

SIR O. Seen her! Have you eyes, ears, taste, judgment, feeling? Is this the woman who, as the wife of Percy de Mowbray, is to mingle with the loveliest and the noblest of England's ladies? Is it she who, presiding over the hospitalities of Mowbray Castle, is to give the tone to the manners and habits of half a county? Is it she whom you would dare to present to her sovereign, and——

PER. Pardon me, sir; but either this is the effect of determined prejudice, or I must doubt whether you have seen her.

SIR O. Prejudice! The poor boy must be mad!—You doubt me, sir.—Margate——

PER. Margate!

SIR O. Punch-and-judy-man!

PER. Really, sir, I——

SIR O. O, Percy, Percy! Donkey-races at Dandelion.

PER. (*Aside.*) What does he mean?

SIR O. She has corroborated, too, what you yourself confessed: the promise of marriage.

PER. Well, sir?

SIR O. Well, sir!

PER. Deeply regretting that the first important act of my life should involve in it an act of disobedience to the best of fathers, yet that promise I am resolved to fulfil.

SIR O. Quit my sight, sir. (*PERCY is about to speak.*)
Quit my sight.

PER. (*Aside.*) I will leave him for awhile. Donkey-races! Punch-and-judy! Alas! can the force of his displeasure have disturbed his reason! (*Exit.*)

SIR O. Foolish! Rash! Mad!—What's to be done? I must once more encounter that Sir Timothy; and if double, nay treble the sum I offered will effect the purpose—(*Going; he meets RUBY, who enters, with a letter in his hand.*)

RUBY. Beg pardon, sir; didn't know you were here, sir.
(*Bows obsequiously.*)

SIR O. Is that letter for me?

RUBY. Quite the contrary, sir; it is from Miss Sally Sanders to——

SIR O. O, to the young gentleman who is pretending to pay his addresses to her?

RUBY. Very much so, sir.

SIR O. She does not write to him in his real name?

RUBY. By no manner of means, sir. The name he goes by here, sir, is Captain the Honourable Augustus Fitzmoonshine, sir.

SIR O. (*Aside.*) It never occurred to me to inquire the name he had assumed. And *Fitzmoonshine* of all names!

RUBY. But his real name, sir, which I happen to know, sir, is——

SIR O. Then pray don't mention it; I have reasons for desiring it to be as little talked about as possible. (*Aside.*) I fear there will be no keeping this matter secret.

RUBY. Not I, sir, upon any consideration in the world, sir. (*Aside.*) What *can* be the reason of his taking so much interest in Dick's affairs?

SIR O. Give me that letter.

RUBY. Beg an immensity of pardons, sir, but really, sir, I—

SIR O. Give it to me, I say; I am his father.

RUBY. What, sir!—You, sir!—His father, sir!

SIR O. Well, well! Need I repeat it? The young gentleman in question is my son.

RUBY. (*Aside.*) Whew! Dick's father come to light after all, and such a father! That explains the matter.—In that case, sir—(*bows and gives the letter*)—As to the little bill, sir, thirty-two—ten—six, sir, if I understood you rightly, sir—

SIR O. Place it to my account.

RUBY. (*Aside.*) Hurra! Dick! Now if Dick don't reward me for all my loving-kindness to him, there's not a grain of gratitude remaining in all the universal world. (*Exit RUBY.*)

SIR O. (*Having opened the letter, and thrown the envelope on the floor.*) 'Tis all of a character—sand and a wet wafer! Well, perhaps like another Sevigné or a Montagne, she has seduced him by the charms of her epistolary style. (*Reads.*) “Dearest, double dearest Fitz;—That old father of your's has been here, and a precious quarrel we have had. From what I can pump out of Sir Timothy, who is one of your soft ones, he has been soaping him over with smooth words to help him to prevent our making a match on it. After that, he comes and tries it on with me, but he soon found it was no go. Found Sally Sanders was a harder nut to crack nor he thought for. Talked about my daughter, and insulted me most gross; whereupon I gave him as good as he brought, and summut to carry away with him into the bargain. Now do, dearest, remember

what you said this morning about a po-shay ; bring it to-night, and let us be off, nor else they should put a spoke in our wheel, which the old barrow-night, your father, will in particular ; especially after the row we have had together. Your most loving affectionate, S. S.

“ P.S. Excuse my hasty pistol ; as it must go off without delay.”

SIR O. This is decisive ! He must be mad, stark staring mad ! An elopement to-night. That must be prevented.

(*Rings.*)

(*Enter RUBY.*)

Has my son his horses with him, or a carriage of any kind ?

RUBY. Neither, sir, in no shape whatever, sir.

SIR O. (*Aside.*) That's fortunate.—You keep post-horses ?

RUBY. (*Aside.*) Money stirring at last.—Four, sir ; and, by the greatest good luck, sir, they happen to be all at home, sir. (*Aside.*) The dear domestic creatures haven't stirred out for a month past.

SIR O. I have no occasion for them myself—

RUBY. (*Aside.*) Ahem ! Not much profit upon *that* order.

SIR O. But—My son has engaged them—has he not ?

RUBY. Not yet, sir ; but from what I understood from Sir Timothy Stilton this morning, sir, it is most exceedingly likely he will, sir.

SIR O. Well, then, observe : I have weighty reasons for preventing his leaving this place at present.

RUBY. (*Aside.*) So had I this morning.

SIR O. Upon no account whatever must you furnish him with horses. Remember this ; and as you obey me so shall you be rewarded.

RUBY. Not if he should offer me five guineas a mile, sir, you may rely upon it, sir.

SIR O. That's well. (*As he goes off.*) Now, I think, Mr. Percy de Mowbray—to adopt Miss Sanders' elegant phrase—I *have* put a spoke in your wheel. So once more to this intolerable cheesemonger.

(*Exit* SIR OSBALDISTON.)

RUBY. That Dick should turn out to be a man of such importance! "Let him have a chaise-and-four, by all manner of means" says Sir Timothy. "Don't let him have it, by no manner of means," says Sir Osbaldiston. But where is my gain in all this? As yet the Baronet is not in my books for so much as a biscuit. However, if I don't make something of it some way or other, I am landlord of the White Raven to very little purpose. Oh! here comes my cousin Dick; I must make my peace with him for my little freedoms this morning. (*He walks aside.*)

Enter MOONSHINE *gloomily, and with his hands in his pockets.*

MOON. Plague on my master! With his *honour* and *honesty*, he has blown the scheme to shivers, and destroyed his own hopes, and—what is worse—mine along with them. He calls himself a gentleman, and talks about propriety, forsooth! yet indulges all the while in the enjoyment of such expensive luxuries as honour and honesty, though he knows he can no better afford it than I can. Well;—some folks have pretty notions of propriety! (*RUBY comes forward, bowing.*) So, Ruby! Now for his everlasting thirty-two—ten—six, and the finishing stroke to my career.

RUBY. So, Cousin Dick, the affair between you and Miss Sally Sanders is all at an end, I find.

MOON. (*Aside.*) Got wind already !—Yes, Ruby : Sir Timothy has discovered the truth about my master, and turned him out of doors ; so, anticipating what must be my fate, I beat a hasty retreat, and decamped without even taking leave of my darling three-hundred a-year. You perceive, therefore, that, notwithstanding my utmost industry, your thirty-two—ten—six is——

RUBY. Pooh ! nonsense, Cousin Dick ; let there be no talk about that between you and me.

MOON. I'd rather there should not, upon my soul, but——

RUBY. And if I said anything disagreeable to you about it this morning, I can only say, my dear Cousin Dick, I am heartily sorry for it.

MOON. (*Aside.*) Now the sneering rascal means me no good.

RUBY. As to this marriage, I must agree with the governor that it is not befitting you ; for, putting your late honoured mamma, Jenny Moonshine, out of the question, you certainly are a gentleman by the other side.

MOON. Now, Ruby, do your worst ; but I won't stand your sneering and jeering.

RUBY. Come, come, cousin ; the governor has told me all about it, so you may as well confess that you have been deceiving me.

MOON. I confessed that this morning, so Master Ruby——. But what the plague do you mean by the governor ?

RUBY. Why, your father, to be sure.

MOON. My father ! you are dreaming.

RUBY. Your father, I say ; Sir Osbaldiston de Mowbray. Now would you really have me believe you didn't know him to be your father ?

MOON. Sir Osbaldiston de Mowbray my father ! I'm petrified ! I always fancied my father would turn out to

be a great man, but ——. Come, Ruby, I can't believe this.

RUBY. I vow to you, Cousin Dick, he has been here, and to me myself has acknowledged you for his son. He has discovered all about your flirtation with Miss Sanders, is enraged at it, is resolved to put an end to it, and is this moment gone to Sir Timothy's for that purpose. You must have met him.

MOON. Probably: but not being one of the wise children of this world, I should not have known him if I had. Now, lookye, Ruby; I can't conceive what motive you can have for deceiving me, for your thirty-two—ten—six, you know, depends ———

RUBY. Hang that, Cousin Dick; I now wish it had been double.

MOON. (*Holds out his hand.*) Make it so, and enjoy your wish at once.

RUBY. That would hardly be fair to Sir Osbaldiston, who has become answerable for it.

MOON. Father my debt! Hurra! hurra! then there must be something in his fathering me.

RUBY. But what have you done with your friend with millions in his portfolio?

MOON. He be hang'd for an honest blockhead! His portfolio does not contain the value of this. (*Takes up the envelope of SALLY SANDERS's letter.*) Why—what do I see? "To the Honourable Augustus Fitz-moonshine." And my Salopia's writing! Pray—you, sir—who has ventured, presumed, and dared to open a letter addressed to me? (*Aside.*) I may bluster a bit now.

RUBY. One who thought he had a very good right to do it. Your father, Cousin Dick.

MOON. And where is the enclosure?

RUBY. I suppose your father has taken it.

MOON. My father again ! This is astonishing ! Do you know what the letter was about ?

RUBY. I suspect—I just suspect, Cousin Dick, it was something about the elopement; for the baronet, after reading it, gave me strict orders not to let you have horses.

MOON. (*Aside.*) This must be true by his taking so deep an interest in my affairs.

RUBY. Now do—do, Cousin Dick, give up all thoughts of this marriage. What can a paltry three hundred a year be to the son of a man whose income counts by tens of thousands ? Besides, should you offend your father —

MOON. True; for, considering the many years I have been looking out for one, I may not so easily find another. Now, I'll return to Sir Timothy's, whither you say my honoured papa is gone, and inquire into the truth of this at once. I'll do nothing rashly. I'll see my celestial Sally, and, like a lover devoted and constant,—not throw away dirty water till I'm certain of getting fresh. (*Enter PERCY hastily. MOONSHINE, as he goes off, runs against him, and says, in an affected and patronizing manner,*) How d'ye do ? how d'ye do ? Glad to see you, Mr. Tutor ; good day. (*Exit MOONSHINE.*)

PER. Easy and familiar, upon my word !—Ruby, you keep post-horses ?

RUBY. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Beg pardon for laughing, sir, but that question has been so often asked me this morning, sir ! Do you wish to hire them to go out, sir, or, as the baronet has done, to stay at home, sir ?

PER. The baronet ! What do you mean ? (*Aside.*) Has this fellow discovered who I really am ?

RUBY. Why, sir, he has intercepted a letter from a certain lady at Sir Timothy's to his son, sir.

PER. (*Aside.*) A letter from my dear Ellen to me !

RUBY. And, in consequence, has given me the most

positive orders imaginable, sir, not to allow him to have horses, sir.

PER. (*Hesitating.*) But you will let *me* have them !

RUBY. You, sir ? surely, sir, with all the pleasure in life, sir.

PER. (*Aside.*) 'Tis all safe : he knows me not.—Then as soon as it is dusk, let a chaise-and-four be in waiting in the little bye-road at the back of Sir Timothy's orchard. Now, Ruby, be punctual !

RUBY. At *dusk* to the very moment, sir.

PER. And not a word of this to any person breathing.

RUBY. Breathing, sir!—to nobody in the universal world, alive or dead, sir !

PER. (*Aside.*) What can she have written to me about ? At all risks, I'll see her and inquire. Be it what it may, with a chaise and four spanking posters at our command, we are prepared for the worst. (*Exit PERCY.*)

RUBY. Behind Sir Timothy's orchard !—that's very odd ! What can *he* want with a chaise *there* ? Among them all, there'll be some sport, I take it ; so as all the White Raven's customers are gone to Sir Timothy's, White Raven himself may as well follow them, and be ready to catch at anything that may be turned to advantage. (*Exit RUBY.*)

SCENE II.

Another part of SIR TIMOTHY'S Garden, enclosed by a wall, in which there is a small door.

Enter SIR TIMOTHY and SIR OSBALDISTON.

SIR T. But hadn't we better step into the house and talk the matter over there, Sir Snobbleston ?

SIR O. I am very well in the open air, sir.

SIR T. As you like—we can walk and talk, as they say
(*Taking SIR O.'s arm, which SIR O. withdraws.*)

SIR O. Have you seen the Mr. Neville you mentioned, sir?

SIR T. No—and as I walked him out of my house rather unceremonious, I begin to fear he wont come, though I sent him word it is for his own advantage ; for, you must know, he's a rum one, Sir Snobbleston.

SIR O. A what, sir?

SIR T. Why, he's a queer sort of genus, you see: he has not a bit of dignity of the right sort about him, like me and you, Sir Snobby ; but offer him the least insult—hoity-toity ! you touch him in the raw !

SIR O. I think you *said* he is a gentleman.

SIR T. No ; I said he was once, but he an't got no money now. Yet, for all that, I am afeard he is not one of your cut-and-come-again chaps, though there's a lump of money to be got by it. I say, Sir Snobby ; in such a case you and me would pocket the affront, eh ?

SIR O. I presume *you* would, sir. Now, sir, this morning I said that I would willingly give five thousand pounds to any one who will marry this Miss Sanders. Since, then, a circumstance has occurred which renders delay doubly dangerous,—(*Whilst he is speaking, he takes SALLY's letter from his pocket.*)—if, indeed, this letter be really written by her.

SIR T. O, that's her stick, fast enough !

SIR O. Anything so unladylike—so unfeminine—so gross, I never—

SIR T. Why, Sall isn't over delicate, that's the truth on't.

SIR O. She—a female !—even proposes an elopement ! Now, sir, to prevent such a calamity, I will double the sum I promised—I will give *ten* thousand.

SIR T. You will?—ten thousand? If Frank Neville isn't here in five minutes, I'll send after him again, though he be a hundred miles off. Come in, Sir Snobbleston, and—
(*A fiddle is heard, playing "Meet me by moonlight alone."*)
Hush! there he is.

SIR O. Who? Mr. Neville?

SIR T. No; your son. I've heard his fiddle often enough to know it. Now, mark my words, it will bring Sally out, see if it don't.

SIR O. (*Aside, with a groan.*) Oh! Percy! Percy!

SIR T. And here she comes. Now, stay and see the meeting; it will be high fun for you!

SIR O. See it!—'Sdeath! to the world's end, rather!

(*Exit SIR O.*)

SIR T. I'll remain, and observe them.

Enter SALLY SANDERS.

SAL. 'Tis my Augustus! Luckily I have got the key.—
(*She opens the gate.*)

(*Enter MOONSHINE, with a fiddle in his hand.*)

My Augustus!

MOON. My Salopia!—(*aside*)—I must keep up the *amoroso* till I know whether Ruby's story be true or not.

SAL. You received my letter, then?

MOON. No; a certain person has intercepted it, cracked the nut, swallowed the delicious kernel, and left me nothing but the worthless husk. (*Shews the envelope.*)

SAL. (*Aside.*) How charmingly he talks!—I guess who has done this: your tyrannical father, Sir Osbaldiston de Mowbray.

MOON. You know, then—I mean, *now*, you know Sir Osbaldiston de Mowbray to be my father? (*He gradually cools in his manner towards her.*)

SAL. Hasn't he been here, and told me all about it himself?

MOON. How! Have you seen him?

SAL. Surely: I wrote you all about it in that letter. He vows he'll never consent to our marriage, and so, dearest, we must marry clandestine. But why don't you answer me?

MOON. My heart is distracted between love and duty.

SIR T. Now is my time to make an impression. (*Comes forward.*)—Your heart, sir? think of your poor father's.

MOON. My father's?—You, too, speak of my father. Bless my ears with the sound of his honoured name.

SIR T. My friend, Sir Snobbleston Mowbray.

MOON. (*Aside.*) Huzza! 'tis all right.—So then, Sir Timothy,—(*emphatically*)—my father, Sir Osbaldiston de Mowbray, objects to my union with Miss Sanders?

SAL. (*Aside.*) Oh! oh! It is coming to Miss Sanders, is it?

SIR T. Object! He'll never set eyes upon you again if you disobey him; he'll disown you. You don't know what it is to lose a father.

MOON. No, sir;—(*aside*)—nor is it long I have known what it is to find one.—Pray did he make any allusion to—to my sainted mother?

SIR T. Not the slightest.

MOON. (*Aside.*) Of course he would keep the affair with poor Jenny Moonshine in the back-ground.

SAL. Now, Sir Timothy, I see how it is: you and my sweet-heart's father have been laying your heads together to separate us; but let me tell you—

SIR T. Sally, Sally, don't be a fool. My friend Sir Snobbleston and me are tolerable thick together, to be sure, considering our short acquaintance; but what we are a-

settling is all for the best for you both. So go in, and leave us together for a while.

SAL. Hark ye, Sir Timothy; you know me: Sally Sanders has got a becoming spirit, and wouldn't be trifled with by the best man that ever wore a head. As to preventing our marriage, you know, dear Augustus, I've got your written promise; and such is my tender affection for you, that I'll make you perform it if there's law or justice to be had in the land, though it be the ruin of you. So settle what you please, Sir Timothy.

(Exit SALLY SANDERS.)

MOON. The affectionate creature!

SIR T. Now, are you resolved to drive your father to distraction?

MOON. Really and truly does he take so deep an interest about me?

SIR T. Why should you doubt it? And as proof—give me that. (*Pointing to his fiddle.*)

MOON. What has this to do with it?

SIR T. He is horror-struck at the idea of a son of his playing the fiddle. I confess, I don't see much harm in it myself; but, since it is his whim, why give up to it, or you'll run the risk of fiddling yourself out of his good graces altogether.—(*Takes the fiddle from him.*)—As to this matter with Sally——

MOON. Why, rather than disoblige my father, I'll think no more of it;—always supposing he has something in view for me a great deal more to my advantage.

SIR T. That you may be sure on, when he is willing to give ten thousand pounds to any one who'll take Sally off your hands.

MOON. The devil he will! At that rate what must he intend for me!—(*aside*)—'Gad! I have waited for a father



to some purpose!—Where is my venerable sire? I'll fly to him, throw myself at his feet, and——

SIR T. Stop.—(*Aside.*) That wont make my scales even.—Not just yet; ydur father is in such a rage, I wouldn't answer for the consequences. Hark ye; there's your friend, Frank Neville, who introduced you here as his secretary: will you do him a service, and oblige me at the same time?

MOON. Ahem! Will it cost me any thing?

SIR T. No.

MOON. Or give me the slightest trouble?

SIR T. Neither.

MOON. Then, my dear Sir Timothy, you may command me through fire and water.

SIR T. Well; my daughter Mary, you know, has set her heart upon Frank Neville. That wont do for me no more nor you marrying Sally Sanders will do for the barrow-knight. Now, by getting Frank to marry Sally, both these things are prevented, and there's poor Frank with a good ten thousand pounds in his pocket.

MOON. But I don't see how I am to be useful in this.

SIR T. Why, don't you see that if you give up Sally at once, your father is off the bargain. Now, do you just wait till I have settled this matter with Frank—and, there—I see him going towards the house—and the moment his fortune is secured——

MOON. I perceive your drift, my politic knight. Then, pretending ignorance of the arrangement, like a penitent son I approach my incensed parent and take credit for a dutiful compliance with his wishes.

SIR T. You have hit it. Why, after such a change in your conduct your father will hardly know you.

MOON. Ahem! Nothing more likely. But where shall I wait the while?

SIR T. In my private room—my *snactum snorum*, as I call it.

MOON. Then give me my fiddle, just to pass away time.

SIR T. What! And my friend the barrow-knight within hearing! Not if you could beat Paganini, and play upon no string at all. Come, come; I shall give him this as a proof of your love and duty; with your promise that as long as *he's* above ground—you'll never play a merry tune again.

(Exeunt SIR T. and MOON.)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Room at SIR TIMOTHY'S, with two glass doors, opening on a lawn ; each shewing a path, distinctly marked,—one leading to the right, the other to the left.

Enter MARY, FRANK NEVILLE, and ELLEN.

MARY. Now, come, Frank ; don't think so seriously of it. My father, since his elevation, is a little perplexed how to do what he calls "the genteel thing ;" but be assured he had no settled intention to offend you.

FRANK. The "genteel thing" with a vengeance ! After voluntarily proffering me civilities—nay, services—for no reason that I know of ; with as little reason he suddenly turns me out of his house almost by the shoulders. The "genteel thing," indeed ! Yet you, Mary, insist on my returning at his mere bidding.

MARY. For both our sakes, Frank. I am certain it is concerning our marriage.

FRANK. Upon what grounds ?

MARY. The surest : he says it is for something greatly to your advantage ; and what on earth can be to your advantage, but marrying me ?

ELLEN. I suspect it is I who am most nearly concerned in this.

MARY. And now it occurs to me:—ever since the arrival of the great man, and, indeed, from the moment you first heard his name, you have appeared thoughtful and melancholy. To say the truth, his arrival has altered every countenance in the family. Miss Sanders has changed her usual sentimentals for heroicks; Mr. Percy—but he seems to have taken leave of us altogether. (*Looks pass between FRANK and ELLEN, unobserved by MARY.*) Whilst my poor dear papa has, ever since, been strutting about with all the importance of a turkey—crammed almost to suffocation with some enormous secret.

FRANK. (*Hastily.*) Has he divulged it to you?

MARY. No; nor, as I think, to any one. Yet he hasn't been able to suppress a boast of his being deeply in the confidence of his "friend Sir Snobbleston," as he misnames the baronet.

ELLEN. Mary, pray leave me for a few minutes with Mr. Neville; I have something of great importance to say to him.

MARY. How! a secret between my friend on one side, and my lover on the other, yet I not admitted a party to it.

ELLEN. You will soon—(*with a sigh*)—very soon be acquainted with it.

MARY. At the same time with the rest of the world—(*laughing*)—through a confidential paragraph in the "County Chronicle," I presume. A flattering confidence, truly! Well, you have good reasons for this, no doubt; so I'll leave you. And, Frank; mind how you behave to my dignified papa—for my sake. (*Exit MARY.*)

ELLEN. Mr. Neville, you are a friend of Mr.—(*hesitates*)—Mr. Percy's?

FRANK. I am, Miss Rivers.

ELLEN. Till this day I believed him to be unfettered by any will but his own ; in all things free to act as his inclinations might direct him ; and—though a gentleman—in circumstances humble as are mine. He won my heart, and—so deceived by him—I promised him my hand. I have this day discovered him to be the son of Sir Osbaldiston de Mowbray, a man whose pride of station and whose wealth are equal.

FRANK. He *is* Sir Osbaldiston's son.

ELLEN. (*With dignity.*) Sir,—I should hold myself unworthy of his love could I admit even the momentary thought that—poor and friendless though I be—our union would degrade him. No, sir ; the affection, pure and disinterested, of a virtuous woman could bring no dishonour upon the noblest of the land. If, therefore, I should release him from his engagement, it is from no admission of my own unworthiness, but only that I will not stand between him and a father's favour.

FRANK. Noble girl !

ELLEN. Mary remarked my emotion when first I heard Sir Osbaldiston's name,—not without cause. Now, Mr. Neville, pray grant me this request——

(SIR TIMOTHY *speaks without.*)

SIR T. What Frank ! Frank Neville ! O, there you are.

ELLEN. Here comes Sir Timothy. Quick—quick ! Procure an interview with Sir Osbaldiston—shew him this portrait—(*takes a miniature from her bosom*)—tell him you had it from me—it is my dear, dear mother's. There is no time for farther explanation.

(*Exit ELLEN hastily.*)

(*And, at the same moment, Enter SIR TIMOTHY.*)

FRANK. This is strange!

SIR T. Ah! ha! Making love to Ellen Rivers? But come, Frank, give me your hand: after my behaviour to you, you are a good-natured, generous, mean-spirited fellow, for coming back, and I take it kindly.

FRANK. Ha! ha! ha! You are an unintelligible person, in more senses than one, Sir Timothy, so I shall not readily be angry with you again. But what is this matter so greatly to my advantage?

SIR T. You may well call it so.—Frank—what is your opinion of five thousand pounds?

FRANK. That's a puzzling question to one who has not of late had such a case before him for consideration.

SIR T. I'll double the puzzle: What think you of ten?

FRANK. Pray, Sir Timothy, is this intended as another of your delicately-playful jests?

SIR T. No, Frank, I'm in earnest, and ask the question quite *seriatim*.

FRANK. Why, then, I never heard of any great harm in ten thousand pounds—honourably acquired.

SIR T. Then what would you say, if I put so much into your pocket? Plenty of room to hold it,—Eh! Frank? Wont find much company there to quarrel with?

FRANK. (*Aside.*) 'Tis as Mary anticipated.—But speak on; you have something more to say.

SIR T. Why, of course; in this world, you know, nobody gives nothing for nothing. Now, can you guess what you are to do in return for our making your fortune?

FRANK. Marry?

SIR T. What! And will you?

FRANK. Can you doubt it, when 'twill render me the happiest man alive?

SIR T. Happy ! Who wouldn't be happy with such a fortune ? (*Aside.*) I've done it, and made Sir Snobbleston my friend for ever !—Now, Frank, there's no time to be lost : whisk her off to London, get a licence, and marry her as fast as you can. (*FRANK looks amazed.*)

FRANK. To London ! And why not marry here ?

SIR T. No, no ; 'twill be safest to get her out of the way at once. And as we mayn't see you here again for some days, go and take leave of Mary.

FRANK. Whisk Mary off to London—and take leave of Mary !

SIR T. Mary ! Mary ! What the plague has Mary to do with it ?

FRANK. If I understand you rightly, sir, you offer me your daughter in marriage, with a portion of ten thousand pounds.

SIR T. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I see your mistake ; but it is my fault, my dear fellow, for not beginning at the right end. It is my friend Sir Snobbleston Mowbray's affair. *He* comes down with the dumps, not I. He is set against his son's marriage—you know that, I suppose ?

FRANK. From the first I thought he would be.

SIR T. Well, then ; he offers ten thousand pounds to any one who will take the female, as he calls her, off his son's hands ; and I thought the money might as well go into your pocket as into any body's else's.

FRANK. (*With a burst of indignation.*) And is it me whom you have selected as your instrument ? Were every guinea of this barbarous bribe fifty times multiplied, and then twice doubled—(*Aside.*) But I will suppress my resentment, and seemingly consent, or some more willing agent may be found.—Sir Timothy, I was over-hasty. I have re-considered the proposal.

SIR T. I thought you would, Frank. Such trumps don't turn up every day.

FRANK. I should like a tête-à-tête with Sir Osbaldiston himself on the subject.

SIR T. That will be best. I'll go and tell him. After that we'll have a tête-à-tête all three together, and make the barrow-knight sign and seal to the bargain.

(Exit SIR TIMOTHY.)

FRANK. But here comes Percy.

Enter PERCY hastily.

PER. Neville, I have sought you. I am now resolved.—I have a chaise in waiting, and will instantly——

FRANK. I understand you, but your precaution is useless. I have had some conversation with your Ellen, and full well does she deserve your love. But of this be assured: that (having discovered who you are) without your father's consent she never will be yours.

PER. What then is to be done?

FRANK. I am now waiting for an interview with Sir Osbaldiston, concerning an arrangement which one less your friend than I am would, perhaps—— Hold! There is yet one hope, faint though it be. By leading him to believe that the step he so much dreads is irrevocably taken——

PER. I see, I see. The first explosion of his anger will be terrific; but that, once exhausted, it may be easier to—— He comes!—I'll leave you, but will remain within call.

(Exit PERCY.)

Enter SIR OSBALDISTON.

SIR O. (*Bows politely.*) Mr. Neville?—I understand it is your wish to see me.

FRANK. Though I have only now for the first time the honour of meeting Sir Osbaldiston de Mowbray, yet his son Percy and I are old friends; we were at Oxford together.

SIR O. I am happy, at length, to find, in *this* place, a *gentleman* with whom I may converse. Concerning the affair which this Sir Timothy has mentioned to you—

FRANK. I am as you have designated me, sir, a gentleman; and, as a gentleman, I need scarcely add, that I treat the heartless proposal with the scorn and indignation it deserves.

SIR O. How is this!

FRANK. So far as you are concerned in this, Sir Osbaldiston,—as I was unknown to you—I acquit you of any intention to insult me; as for poor Sir Timothy—but let him pass.

SIR O. *Had* I known you, Mr. Neville, yet had so acted towards you, *your* conduct would have extorted from me a sincere apology for mine. As it is, sir—your hand.—(NEVILLE bows, and gives his hand.) Now, sir, you are acquainted with my son, and, doubtless, have seen—(*sneeringly*)—the lady of his love. Be you the umpire between us. Do *you* think her a fitting wife for Percy de Mowbray?

FRANK. Ere we proceed to that question, allow me to execute a commission with which I am intrusted. (*He takes the miniature from his pocket.*) I am requested—for what reason I know not—to place this portrait in your hands.

SIR O. (*Takes the portrait.*) Ha!—What do I see? My Annabella!—The object of my earliest—of my thwarted, but my only love!

FRANK. (*Aside.*) Ellen her daughter! Then is there hope.

SIR O. Tell me—whence have you this?

FRANK. From her daughter; she bade me shew it you.

SIR O. My Annabella's child! Where is she?

Enter MOONSHINE—seeing them, he is about to withdraw, but retires behind, and listens.

FRANK. (*Aside.*) Now is the time for trial of my expedient.

MOON. There, then, is my father, arranging with my old master to take Sally off my hands.

FRANK. She is here—in this house. I can now reply to your question whether I think her a fitting wife for your son. (*MOONSHINE listens attentively to all that follows.*)

SIR O. What! is it she? Surely—no—it is utterly impossible!

FRANK. What were I to add, Sir Osbaldiston, that objections are now too late—for that your son—

MOON. Now, what's he going to say about me?

SIR O. (*Greatly agitated.*) What?—Speak!

FRANK. Your son has married her.

MOON. (*Aside.*) The lying rascal! Now that's to ruin me with my new-found father.

FRANK. Listen calmly to me, sir. Since it is so—pardon them—pardon, at least, your son.

SIR O. Pardon them! May—But no, I will not curse them. (*Kisses the portrait.*) For her sake—for the sake of her I so tenderly loved, the sainted mother—

MOON. (*Aside, and wiping his eyes.*) Poor Jenny Moonshine!

SIR O. I will not curse them; but never let them enter my presence. For him, the disobedient! he is no longer a son of mine—I disown him—I discard him for ever!

MOON. (*Aside.*) Here's a pretty mess he has made of it.

SIR O. Mr. Neville—I must retire for awhile—the air

may revive me. Pray see me again before I quit this accursed place. *(Exit SIR OSBALDISTON.)*

FRANK. *(Aside.)* I now despair of his consent.

MOON. *(Coming forward impudently.)* Now, sir; is this your method of shewing your gratitude?

FRANK. *(Astonished.)* What the plague!

MOON. I suppose you know you have to thank me for intending to make your fortune?

FRANK. O—by persuading Sir Timothy of the immense value of the contents of my portfolio?

MOON. You spoilt that by your own folly; but that is not what I mean. The ten thousand I intended to put into your pocket.

FRANK. Will it please you to explain yourself?

MOON. There is no need—you know what I mean; and yet you endeavour to ruin me by telling my father that I and Sally Sanders are married, when you know it to be false.

FRANK. Psha! the fellow is either drunk or mad.

MOON. No, no, I'm not. I know what I'm talking about, and so do you. You know who I am, and, therefore, Mr. Neville——

FRANK. Harkye, fellow! At Florence, two years ago, I gave you, for your impertinence, such a horse-whipping as I flattered myself would have lived in your memory till this time, at least. Now——

MOON. Pooh! pooh! that wont do with me now; I'm now as good a gentleman as you are; we are upon equal terms; and if you attempt to horse-whip me—*(with a threatening gesture)*—I'll indict you at the sessions.

FRANK. You are drunk. Now make your escape from this place as speedily as you can, or I'll not insure you against sleeping in the stocks to-night. *(Exit FRANK.)*

MOON. Me sleep in the stocks! The son of a baronet

in the stocks! Let me ever become acquainted with my father, and you shall be made to repent this insolence. But what can have been his motive for attempting to injure me in the *tenderest* quarter? I'll lay my life Sally Sanders has put him on to this, thinking, that by separating father and son—I mean by preventing their ever coming together—I may be the more likely to marry her. But it wont do—I've done with her. Ha! here comes Sir Timothy.

Enter SIR TIMOTHY.

SIR T. (*Speaking off.*) Sally! Sally!—I declare the obstinate old fool would worry the nine lives out of a cat. I have thought it best to come to the point, and have told her, do what she will, you are determined to denounce her; and a pretty taking she is in.

MOON. After what has just occurred, no power on earth shall compel me to marry her. The baronet has just left the room, and——

SIR T. Now, my dear young friend, didn't I tell you to keep out of his way till I had mollified him a bit. So you have seen your father, then?

MOON. Yes, I have *seen* him—though the pleasure of being introduced to him is yet to come. And a pretty piece of roguery I have discovered. It makes an honourable man's hair stand on end!

SIR T. What is it, what is it?

MOON. Neville, sir, Frank Neville, instead of getting me out of the scrape, and standing to his bargain like a gentleman, has told Sir Osbaldiston that I'm already married.

SIR T. Incredulous! it's positively incredulous!

MOON. With these ears I heard it. "Your objections are too late," said he; "your son is already married."



Whereupon my father swore to disown me—to discard me for ever.

SIR T. The viper! To turn round upon us in this *unsophisticated* manner! But I see his motive: he has still hopes of my daughter Mary; but let me tell him——

MOON. Sir Osbaldiston is coming this way. Now I'll explain to him that——

SIR T. Now—now you young fellows are so hasty and imperious! Let *me* arrange this for you. It is clear Sir Snobbleston has taken a great liking for me, so I can do what I please with him. *I'll* set the matter to rights, and not quit him till I have retained your pardon and propelled him to see you. Go, go; and when all is comfortably settled I'll come and bring you to him.

MOON. Now do your best for me, Sir Timothy, pray do. Consider, it would be a very hard case to be cut out of such a father as that, for Sally Sanders and a paltry three hundred a year.

(Exit MOON., at the door to the right of the audience.)

SIR T. Now, the good news I have to tell the barrow-knight will fix our friendship for life.

Enter SIR OSBALDISTON.

SIR O. I come to take my leave, sir. The fatal issue of this affair renders needless any farther communication between us.

SIR T. Don't it? Ha! ha! ha! What will you bet on that, Sir Snobby?

SIR O. Your merriment, sir, is equally offensive and ill-timed.

SIR T. Why, now, who can look in that grave face of yours and help laughing? I didn't think you such a young one, though. So you really believed that your son and Sally Sanders had made a partnership concern of it. They are no more married than you and I are.

(PERCY, ELLEN, and FRANK are seen through the doors [to the left of the audience] in earnest conversation. Presently PERCY retires, ELLEN conceals herself—but still in view of the audience,—and FRANK comes forward.)

SIR O. But, sir, I have the distressing information from my son's friend, Mr. Neville.

SIR T. Gammon, Sir Snobbleston, gammon—I mean it an't true.

SIR O. That's a relief, indeed.

SIR T. And here's the culprit himself to confess it. But I leave it to *you* to settle *his* hash. (*Aside.*) I never saw a great man in a rage: I suppose the house wont be big enough to hold him.

SIR O. (*Calmly.*) So, Mr. Neville, I find you have deceived me concerning my son's marriage. It requires but little penetration however to discover your motive. 'Twas a trial of my resolution.

FRANK. 'Twas so, sir; but I trust that *for* the motive you will pardon me.

SIR T. (*Amazed; aside.*) Well, I suppose it is all right; but *I* should have walked into him in a very different style. However—ahem! (*Imitates SIR O.*) So, Mr. Neville, I find you have been a-cutting your jokes; but when next you have a fancy that way, I'll trouble you not to try it on upon *us* sort of folks. (*To SIR O.*) I think *that's* a settler, Sir Snobby. But be easy, my good old friend: not only he's not married to her, but he has given up all thoughts of it.

FRANK. On the contrary, sir; upon that point he is still resolved. I have just parted with him, and——

SIR T. You just parted with him! You're getting into a very bad habit, Mr. Frank.—Believe *me*, Sir Snobbleston. He has just left *me*, the very *moral* of duty and obedience. Not only has he given up his sweet-heart, but, to oblige you,

(*whispers*) he has promised he'll never play the fiddle again in your life-time. I'll bring him to you, and prove my words. (*Going the way MOONSHINE went.*)

FRANK. Not that way, Sir Timothy. 'Tis the other way he went. (*Pointing the way PERCY went.*)

SIR T. There again! He can't tell truth for the life of him. (*As he is going off he suddenly stops.*) Ha! ha! ha! The comical dog! I say, Sir Snobbleston; there he is at the end of the lawn a-playing Punch for the amusement of the gardener! (*Exit SIR TIMOTHY.*)

SIR O. I am utterly amazed at the occurrences of this day!

FRANK. Sir Osbaldiston, 'twere best you should prepare yourself for the event. To me your son has avowed his fixed intentions. This marriage is inevitable.

SIR O. Farewell, then, to the pride and splendour of De Mowbray's line! (*Greatly affected, he sinks into a chair.*) Mr. Neville—you placed in my hands a portrait. Will Miss Sa—(*Unable to utter the name,*)—will *she* concede it to me? Let her name the price.

FRANK. I think, sir, I may answer for her. Not all your ample domains would purchase it; but to your love—and pardon—(*Beckons ELLEN forward.*)

SIR O. My love!—monstrous! For her mother's sake—my Annabella!—I pardon her. But for him I once called son——

ELLEN. (*Kneels at his side, and takes his hand.*) For my mother's sake, pardon for Percy, too!

SIR O. That voice! why—! Mr. Neville—who is this?

ELLEN. The unhappy Ellen Rivers, for whose sake your son has provoked a beloved father's anger.

SIR O. You, young lady? O that it were so! But I have seen the woman, and——

NEV. Rely on it, sir, there has been some strange con-

fusion here. But here comes Percy,—(*Looking off on one side, whilst SIR T. leads on MOON. at the other,*)—who will, doubtless, be able to unravel it.

SIR T. Here's the penitentiary, Sir Snobbleston; here's your son.

MOON. (*Kneels to SIR O.*) Father! look with an eye of pity on your ever dutiful Dicky!

SIR O. (*Starts up.*) "Confusion worse confounded!" This is no son of mine!

MOON. There—(*To NEV.*)—I have to thank you for this.

Enter PERCY.

SIR O. (*Meeting him.*) Percy, my son! I feel as one awakened from a hideous dream! Her mother's look, her mother's voice, plead for you; take her, and be happy.

PER. My Ellen! But how is this? you told me you had seen her, sir.

Enter SALLY S., followed by MARY, who crosses to NEV.

SAL. No; I am the lady as had the interview.

SIR T. Mr. Percy, the tutorer, Sir Snobbleston's son! (*To MOON.*) And so, mister, the barrow-knight an't your father?

MOON. So he says, and I suppose he knows best.

SIR T. Pray, then, who are you?

(*NEV. and MARY at one side—SIR O., PERCY, and ELLEN at another, talk apart.*)

Enter RUBY.

RUBY. Beg millions of pardons, gentlefolks, for coming amongst you, but *I* can tell you that. Your man, Forrester, sir, told me who Mr. Percy really was, sir; so perceiv-
ing the mistake, sir—please, Mr. Dick Moonshine, to come along with me.

MOON. (*To SALLY.*) My Salopia ! and must I lose you ?

SAL. Most honourable Captain ! (*Shews a paper.*) I have your written promise to marry me. (*MOON. appears pleased.*) There—(*She tears it*)—away with you ; and I'm not *such* a fool but that I rejoice at my escape !

SIR O. Happy myself, Sir Timothy, I am sorry still to see in this company two melancholy faces.

MOON. (*To RUBY.*) Your's and mine, Ruby ; so stop a bit.

SIR O. Mr. de Mowbray tells me that Mr. Neville and that young lady——

SIR T. Sir Snobbleston, Sir Snobbleston, them's family affairs. If he takes her, he takes her without a shilling.

SIR O. By the young lady's leave, not so, sir. She is mistress, uncontrolled, of ten thousand pounds—the sum which I had destined to a less agreeable purpose.

SIR T. (*To FRANK, who is about to speak.*) Hold your tongue, Frank ! none of your nonsensical delicacy.—That alters the case, Sir Snobblesten ; so I give them my consent—(*After a slight hesitation*)—and double the dumps into the bargain. I say, Sir Snobby ; after all, there's nothing like us quality for doing the genteel thing.

MOON. Beg pardon, sir, but here are two more faces that require improvement. You promised Ruby, sir——

SIR O. O—you are the thirty-two—ten—six gentleman ? Landlord, I shall keep my word with you.

FRANK. Reform, Dick, reform ; and perhaps I may again take you into my service.

SIR T. (*Comes forward.*) My friend, the honourable barrow-knight, was just now a-lamenting that he saw *two* melancholy faces in the company. Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm a good deal harder to please nor he ; and shall take it very much to heart if you allow *me* to find *one*.

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